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panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no
responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE German advance continues in Poland, and all but one of the fortresses (Grodno) in which the Russians had left garrisons to delay the German advance, have now been taken. The loss of Kovno was reported last week. Part of its garrison escaped, but the Germans claim to have taken 20,000 men and 600 guns. It was followed rapidly by the fall of Novo Georgievsk, the fortress of Warsaw, with its 700 guns, and a garrison said to amount to 85,000 men. This latter figure is probably imaginary, and good Russian authorities doubt whether more than 30,000 second-line troops were left behind to occupy the Germans. The gallant little fortress of Osowiec, on the Bob which has repelled many an attack from East Prussia, has also been evacuated. Save in the extreme north, where no progress seems to have been made against Riga or Dvinsk, all the German armies have continued their forward march, notably von Eichhorn, to the south and east of Kovno, and von Gallwitz to the south of the Narew, against the positions on the Bialystock-Brest railway. On this line Bielsk has been taken, and the railway cut.

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WHILE the whole of the Dvinsk-Vilna-Grodno-Bialystock-Brest line is threatened at several vital points, and is in process of evacuation, the main attack was directed against the dépôt and camp of Brest-Litovsk. Here the Germans endeavored to carry out a comprehensive movement of envelopment. The main body of Mackensen's forces forced the Russians back into the outer lines of the fortress itself. Von Linsingen's army, last heard of in Galicia, has made a sudden

reappearance, and joined in the investment from the south. Meanwhile, the most menacing move was that of the Austro-German cavalry, far to the east of Brest on the edge of the Pripet marshes. It took the junction of Kowel, and advanced to Kobrin, on the Brest-Moscow line. The six railways which radiate from Brest were cut early in the week, and the fortress surrendered on Thursday. The only doubtful question is whether any considerable army had been left in it before the Germans by unusually rapid movements succeeded in cutting its communications with the north, east, and south. The Germans now daily report large captures of prisoners, and the probability is that in these continual rear-guard actions the Russians are often fighting without rifles, the most terrible test to which brave men could be subjected.

* * *

OF the influence of these events upon the political world of Russia, only subdued hints reach us in the telegrams. The reactionaries are probably still working for a separate peace, and are backing these suggestions by hints—the material for which has largely been supplied by the Northcliffe press—that the Western Allies have not taken their full share in the war. The Duma, on the other hand, and the parties which really represent the nation, are resolute in organizing the national defence. Fuller reports show that the spokesmen of the Constitutional parties, and in particular Professor Miliukoff, adopted an extremely critical and splendidly patriotic attitude in the recent Duma debates, and censured especially the policy of Russification which was pursued in Galicia and may have contributed to its loss. They were then calling for the removal of religious disabilities and for a political amnesty. That was before the fall of Warsaw. They have now become bolder, and the correspondents in Petrograd are allowed to telegraph extracts from the Liberal press which seem to mean that all the Constitutional parties are now demanding the formation of a National Ministry, composed of Parliamentarians. The spirit of Russia is clearly answering finely to the new call upon it.

* * *

THE German advance by land against Riga makes little if any progress, and an attempt to take it from the sea has apparently been defeated or checked. This attack was begun on Wednesday week and continued for five days. Preceded by mine-sweepers, which worked for several days, a powerful German fleet, taking advantage of misty weather, attempted to force its way into the Gulf. The Russian battle-fleet was not present, and the defence was made by Russian gun-boats and destroyers, which fought with great gallantry, and by British submarines. The Germans admit the sinking of one of their destroyers and injury to two others by mines, and of these one ran ashore. The Russians state that two German cruisers and eight destroyers were put out of action or sunk. Of the Russian vessels, two gun-boats and a destroyer are claimed in the German news as destroyed, but these losses in no way impair the efficiency of the Baltic fleet.

An attempt during this action before Riga was certainly made (though it is denied in the German news) to land troops at Pernau, a port which has direct railway connection with the Petrograd line. It was defeated by local levies, and three lighters (not transports as some telegrams state) were sunk. The biggest event connected with this affair was the feat of a British submarine, which is said, in the official Russian news, to have "successfully torpedoed" a German cruiser. Other reports stated that this ship was the "Moltke," a Dreadnought battle-cruiser, and that she had been sunk. The German *communiqué* emphatically denies this news, and states that no large ship was "sunk or seriously damaged." The British report on this exploit has not yet been received, and the probability is that a German cruiser was torpedoed but not sunk. The result of this affair at Riga may have been somewhat exaggerated in unofficial telegrams, but the main fact stands out clearly. The Germans have made an attempt to take Riga from the sea, and the attempt has been foiled. The advance which they are supposed to meditate on Petrograd will not be possible unless they can win the command of the Baltic Sea.

THE position of the hesitating neutral is rapidly becoming impossible in the Balkans. Both sides are concentrating their efforts on winning Bulgaria, and the problem for both is rather similar. We have to induce Serbia to make concessions, and Germany has to bring the Turks to reason. They were obviously reluctant, after the victories in Poland, to agree even to the cession of the Adrianople-Dedeagatch railway, and rumor reported that the negotiations had been broken off. This week, however, the German wireless news reports that it is officially announced both from Sofia and Constantinople that a treaty making this cession has been signed, in return for which Bulgaria is to observe a "benevolent neutrality, if not more." If this news is true, it implies a brusque change of attitude on Bulgaria's part, for it is only a fortnight since M. Radoslavoff told an American interviewer that Bulgaria would not pledge herself to remain neutral to the end of the war. It would, moreover have been only natural that she should await the result of the Allied intervention in Belgrade. The Skupchina has met this week in secret session, and has passed a resolution in which it declares its readiness to make the indispensable "sacrifices" for Serbo-Croat-Slovene union, and approves the policy of the Government. This almost certainly means that the Serbs have at last faced the necessity of surrendering Bulgarian Macedonia. It seems incredible that Bulgaria could, for the sake of a trivial concession from Turkey, neglect the chance of recovering Macedonia and restoring the Balkan League.

THE evidence meanwhile accumulates that Serbia is in considerable peril. Austro-German forces are being collected on the banks of the Danube, presumably to force a passage through the north-east corner of the kingdom. The plan is supposed to be to send supplies by this avenue and perhaps troops through Bulgaria to Turkey. Whether Bulgarian pride would really tolerate such an invasion of its territory remains to be seen. Roumania has resolutely refused to allow the passage of munitions through her territory, and is in consequence suffering a kind of semi-blockade, for goods traffic across the Austrian frontier is completely suspended. Meanwhile, the first results of the return to power of M. Venezelos, who has now formed his Cabinet, are extremely disappointing.

He has agreed with the King on a policy which seems to differ in no particular from that of the Gounaris Ministry. It is to preserve a benevolent neutrality towards the Allies, and to refuse under any conditions to make any surrender of territory. Whether Greek influence will still be used to prevent Serbia from coming to terms with Bulgaria, is not stated.

ITALY has at length issued her long-awaited declaration of war against Turkey. For the sake of diplomatic form it is motivated (as the expedition to Tripoli was) by a list of grievances, including the difficulties placed in the way of the departure of Italian subjects from Turkey, and the presence of Turkish regulars with the Arabs, who still maintain their guerilla war in Tripoli. The real fact is, of course, that when Italy went to war with Austria, she had to make the general Allied cause her own. She has more troops than she can use as yet, in the fighting on the restricted Austrian front, and in addition to the general gain which will follow from the opening of the Dardanelles, she has claims of her own in Cilicia.

THERE has been further fighting in the Gallipoli peninsula, and full accounts have now been published, both official and unofficial, of the recent landing on August 6th in Suvla (or Anafarta) Bay. These accounts are all silent regarding the still more ambitious landing at Karachali near the head of the Gulf of Saros, and we are afraid that the conclusion must be drawn that this effort failed. The force landed at two beaches in Suvla Bay was a large one of two divisions. Its coming took the Turks by surprise, and the landing and the first day's advance encountered little opposition. Turkish reinforcements, however, came up later, and the burning of the thick bush, whether by accident or design, caused delay at the critical moment. The Colonial contingents advanced in concert with the new force from their old positions round Anzac Cove, and actually won the crest of the Sari Bair ridge which had hitherto defied them. Unluckily, the slow progress of the new force obliged the Colonials to withdraw from the more advanced of the positions which they had won. The lines were joined up, however, on a front of about twelve miles, after the force from Suvla had advanced some two miles and a half.

THERE followed a considerable interval of inaction, and the Turks were able to dig themselves firmly in. The result was that when the attack was renewed, on the 21st, after the arrival of fresh reinforcements, it was impossible to repeat the earlier successes. There was a general advance, and the front trenches of the Turks were stormed; but, save at one point, the crests of the ridges and the summits of the hills were not reached, and, after a costly day's fighting, our troops had to fall back into their original positions. Sir Ian Hamilton's report conveys a heavily underlined warning against excessive optimism. It is true that the ground gained is of great value, but "the true objective" of this movement has not been won, and will impose on our men "further serious and costly efforts." These phrases are, one fears, a preface to a heavy casualty list.

THE German Navy has achieved in Danish waters an exploit which is at once an offence against humanity and a violation of Danish neutrality. One of our submarines, E 13, ran aground on the island of Saltholm, in

the Sound. A Danish torpedo-boat allowed her twenty-four hours to try to get off, but four hours later two German destroyers came on the scene, and at once began to attack the helpless vessel, first with a torpedo and then with gun-fire. Even when the crew abandoned their boat, which was now on fire, the Germans fired at our men in the water with machine-guns and shrapnel. A Danish torpedo-boat steamed in between the submarine and the Germans, and so put an end to a brutal and lawless attack. Fourteen of our men were killed, and one is missing. The Danes have gone out of their way to pay every honor to the dead, and have demanded and received an apology for this gross violation of their neutrality.

* * *

THE most important home event is the revolt of the labor leaders against conscription. This is no longer doubtful. Many or most of the representative leaders of the greater unions have already spoken, in terms which, strong as they are, barely represent the feeling of the rank-and-file. The question will be submitted to the Trade Union Congress, and a strong hostile resolution is certain to be carried by an overwhelming majority, if not unanimously. The "Times" has boycotted the movement, printing in its smallest type, in a corner of one of its pages, a resolution by the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions, declaring the conscriptionist campaign to be "clearly actuated by partisan and financial considerations," and to be "jeopardising national unity" by its "selfish revolutionary propaganda."

* * *

MEANWHILE, the bulk of the Conservative press is steadily dissociating itself from the Northcliffe group, which now stands alone as an active champion of agitation, and Lord Hugh Cecil, in an impressive letter to the "Times," urges its discontinuance on the ground that it is a breach of the political truce, and that the Government only knows the relevant facts. He adds:—

"We do not know how many men have joined the Army; we do not know how many men the Government wish to join the Army; we do not know how many men it is possible to equip, nor at what rate progress in the furnishing of equipment is being made; and again we do not know how many men are wanted for work for munitions of war and how many ought to be left for agriculture and the different wealth-producing industries that are necessary for our financial strength."

On the other side, Lord Selborne had the impudence to say to a meeting of farmers that more of their laborers had "got to be" taken into the Army—as if they were cart horses.

* * *

SIR EDWARD GREY has replied to the German Chancellor's speech in the Reichstag in a letter of great dignity, weight, and moral force. He denied the charge that Belgium had "trafficked" her neutrality with us, declaring that no agreement existed between the British and Belgian Governments, and that our intervention was solely contingent on Belgium being attacked—i.e., on Germany doing, "deliberately" and admittedly, what she pledged herself she would never do. How "despicably mean," commented Sir Edward, for Germany to justify her crime *ex post facto* by falsely charging her victim with plotting against her! Sir Edward corrected two obvious falsifications of the meaning of his speech of August 3rd, 1914, and said bluntly that war would have been avoided if Germany had not, on "the flimsiest pretext," shut the door on his

proposal of a Conference, anxious as he had been to avoid wrecking it on a point of form. The matters outstanding, after Serbia's liberal concessions, could have been settled in a week, and Germany knew that England would act the "straight and honorable" part she has taken in the Balkan Conference, when she worked not for a group, but for a settlement. Thus Germany had signed the death-warrant of hundreds of thousands of men.

* * *

On the question of settlement, Sir Edward made a statement of great importance. The German policy was to control the destinies of the other nations, i.e., to set up an "iron peace and a freedom under a Prussian shield," leaving herself free to break or to keep as she pleased treaties, laws, and rules of humanity and civilization. This German domination was to cover the sea as well as the land—her commerce at sea was to be as free in time of war as all commerce in time of peace. "Freedom of the sea," he added, "may be a very reasonable subject for discussion, definition, and agreement between nations after this war; but not by itself alone, nor while there is no freedom and no security against war and German methods of war on land." In other words, we shall not accept a Germanized Europe, nor a peace unguarded against a one-nation supremacy; but if Germany binds herself to observe law on land, we will try and relax the rules of law at sea. Meanwhile, added Sir Edward, we should fight for the right to live against Germany's demand for "supremacy" and "tribute."

* * *

THE charge against the "Labor Leader" of having written in a sense to prevent recruiting, or to disturb the public mind or that of our Allies, has broken down. The actual issue of the paper was passed as harmless by the Salford Stipendiary Magistrate who judged it. A number of pamphlets unconnected with the paper were ordered to be destroyed. The magistrate's judgment was given in public; why, then, was the case heard in camera? Are we so timid that we cannot publicly debate the most academic issues of the war? And are not defendants of the right of free printing to be allowed to state their case before their fellow-countrymen? We are in a critical period of the war, it is true. But we may well be proud of the way in which the nation (so far as the Harmsworth press fail to distract it) holds together; and we should rather advertise than conceal the fact.

* * *

THE American press was naturally outspoken in its comments on the sinking of the "Arabic," especially after it was known that two American citizens had lost their lives. There is, however, no great demand for war. The President will act deliberately, and after receiving official reports is unlikely, as a first step, to do more than recall the American Ambassador from Berlin. Some sections of American opinion expect more than this, and would welcome a commercial as well as a diplomatic boycott, on the No-Intercourse principle. The Germans take little trouble to apologize for the affair, some commentators suggesting perfunctorily that it may have been a mine and not a torpedo which sunk the ship (in spite of the fact that the torpedo was distinctly seen), while others remark that though the "Arabic" carried no munitions on her outward voyage, she would have brought them back on her return journey. On the other hand, the news reaches us, as we go to press, that Count Bernstorff has undertaken that no more merchantmen shall be attacked without warning.

Politics and Affairs.

THE INSANITY OF CONSCRIPTION.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE's efforts at a Conscription boom to while away the August holidays would seem at first to make wholly for evil. It is doing us great harm abroad. It is encouraging the King's enemies with its pictures of a nation of "shirkers" and "slackers." It is damaging our prestige with our allies, and weakening the one condition—the firmness of the alliance—which, if maintained, will ensure Germany's eventual overthrow as certainly as night is followed by morning. It is stimulating an angry unrest amongst the working people at home. But it possesses at least one compensating advantage. It is revealing the hollowness of statesmanship and the helplessness of argument which would advocate conscription for this country under present conditions and at such a time as this.

Let us take some of the Conscriptionists' dogmas, and see how completely their assertions collapse upon examination, even of the facts which at present can be disclosed.

1st. *Conscription is fair as between man and man: Voluntary service is unfair and capricious in its choice.*

Conscription could only be fair as between man and man if the whole population were embodied to risk their lives for their country. As it would work to-day in England, the great bulk of the population would escape. Others who had the misfortune to work at certain trades or certain factories in a trade, would be seized (*ex hypothesi* unwillingly—for are they not "slackers" and "shirkers"?) and sent to Flanders or the Dardanelles. Men who worked at other trades or other factories would escape the press-gang. One boot factory, for example, might be fulfilling a contract for making army boots for French soldiers. The "slackers" working here would escape. Another similar factory would have failed to obtain such a contract. The "slackers" would be conscripted. Where is the fairness as between the employés in one left to make £5 a week, and the employés in the other, marched off for war? Voluntarism has no such unfairness. Every man going goes as a free man, knowing the risks he is taking, willing to accept the sacrifice he has made, honored for such willingness for all time—a "Volunteer" in his country's need.

Nor need one comment upon the spectacle of a group of wealthy, elderly, and often childless persons of the upper classes subscribing small sums for the promoting of an agitation to send the young men of the working classes unwillingly to a destructive war. Yet undoubtedly "conscription of life" will be met with the fierce counter-demand for "conscription of property" if an agitation, at present mainly confined to the Harmsworth Press and the "old gang" of conscriptionists, is really to spread out into the country and tear the nation in two in her hour of greatest danger. And he would be a bold man who would prophesy the ultimate result of such a contest.

2nd. *The Voluntary System is costly and clumsy:*

Conscription provides a smooth, cheap way of getting soldiers.

Here also the exact reverse is the truth. Conscription, even if you only pay your soldiers a penny a day, is the most costly and clumsy method of raising an army; a method no sane nation would dream of adopting if it could raise armies by voluntary enlistment. For by conscription you, on the hypothesis of its advocates, waste enormous sums of money in training, feeding, and equipping the "slacker." You are compelled to empty him of individuality, to extend to him an iron training over a series of years, finally to hurl him into action in massed formation with a needlessly heavy death-roll. And a great death-roll means a great waste. Does anyone imagine that "Kitchener's New Army" or any part of it, or the newly-enlisted Territorials, would be got to take the field to-day, after a few months' training, if their stock had been "watered" by those who did not want to fight, by those who resented being compelled to fight, and by those who constitutionally were unable to fight? Instead of enlisting armies of keen men, eager for extra knowledge, studying the drill books assiduously, broken-hearted if breaking down at the shooting test or if left behind for other reasons, you would have had to employ the Prussian drill sergeant, the barbed wire fencing to prevent desertion, the heavy, brutal punishments which, after years instead of months of training, might convert your men into a war machine.

And if that be true of the enormous armies already raised, how far more true it would be to-day, when the available harvest of men is practically reaped, and only the gleanings remain! You are out—confessedly—for the slacker, the shirker, and the coward. What will you do with him when you get him? Put him into the regiments of your voluntary armies? They will rise up in indignation against his advent. Put him—as the saner conscriptionists advocate—into regiments of his own—"cowards' battalions" and "slackers' brigades"? What use will such armies be in the day of decision? What waste of clothes, of food, of arms, of energy, in creating bodies of conscripts despised alike by themselves and the world! The object indeed, seems to be less to create a soldier than to punish the slacker. It will pay us better to leave him alone, and to get on with the work of winning the war.

No nation has ever yet successfully drafted a voluntary and a conscript army. Lincoln tried it with the "Draft," a modified form of conscription, in which rich men bought poor men to take their places if drawn in the ballot. He failed. The conscripts proved almost useless as a fighting force. The battle of the North was won by volunteers. And Lincoln himself demonstrated for an army the truth which he asserted for a State, that it "could not exist half-bond and half-free."

3rd. *Conscription would stop the "scandal" of married men with large families serving in the Army (incidentally the cost of separation allowances and pensions), by substituting for them men who were young and unmarried.*

Those who use this "argument" look merely to the actual cash paid out in pensions and allowances. They are blind to the real wealth of the nation. Paradoxical

as it may appear, it would pay better any nation to have its men of forty killed, leaving their four or five children, than its boys of eighteen and twenty. In the latter event it loses twenty years of service of the best life of its manhood. It loses all the potentialities of fatherhood in a multitude of young men now killed, the vast majority of whom, had no war come, would have married and have begotten children. It loses—in a Rupert Brooke, a Julian Grenfell, a Gilbert Talbot—possibilities also of genius or talent which the man of forty has already realized or disproved. In a word, it pays the nation best that its older men should die and not its youth. It has even been advocated that some future international conference should decide that wars, if they come again, shall only be waged by men over forty, who have lived and received the greater part of what happiness or service this "little life" of ours can give. But in any case the tragedy of the death of youth and its loss far outweighs the sordid resistance to the paying of pensions to the dependants of the married volunteers.

4th. *Conscription is better than the present system of veiled compulsion and "moral pressure."*

But the advocates of conscription support it as a means of providing millions more of soldiers. At the same time, they assert that the "moral pressure" of placard and persuasion has drawn all but "cowards" and "slackers" into the armies. If your "moral pressure," which appears to them so hateful, is driving all men, however indignant and reluctant, into the armies, how will conscription provide you with the hundreds of thousands more which they promise conscription will give?

5th. *Conscription would provide "moral education" and "discipline" for the young slacker.*

But in a desperate war for national existence, such as the present, our one immediate object should be the winning of that war. We have neither energy to spend nor money to waste on the "moral education" of anyone. Our object is victory; not the triumph of a theory nor the disciplining of that nightmare of the conscriptionist—the truculent trade unionist or the "working-man" whose eyes are on the accumulated riches of the wealthy.

We are sending our best to the war. True. The eugenist sees a race of slackers bred from those who remain. The more of this "best" that has left children behind it the more the nightmare of the eugenist vanishes. But the suggestion appears to be that we should keep behind the best who wish to go, in order that they may breed soldiers for the future, and that we should send out instead the worst, who don't wish to go. What kind of victory would follow from such a policy as this? What kind of army would maintain the honor of England? You lose your best, not because of voluntary service, but because of war.

6th. *France and all other European nations have conscription: why not England?*

This was an argument much heard in the Free Trade-Protectionist controversy. Does anyone imagine that France would have conscription were France an island, secure from invasion? Does anyone imagine that France likes conscription, or was driven to maintain the "Blood Tax" of universal compulsory service by any-

thing except the experiences of 1870 and the "rattling of the sabre" on her long eastern land frontier during forty nightmare years? Or does anyone imagine that France, with all her splendid patriotism and magnificent effort of resistance, would have raised and dispatched three millions of the flower of the nation for service in other lands, beyond the sea?

But let us take one or two object-lessons of the actual comparative value of the voluntary and the conscriptionist system, on the very point on which the advocates of force claim an unquestioned superiority—that of preparation and adaptability for war. Now, it is a general truth that considering the normal war problems of an island State—and something more—we were very well prepared. Russia, a conscript country, was, for various reasons, not prepared. Not so with England. The Navy, our crack force, was absolutely and perfectly prepared. The Regular Army was both prepared and splendidly equipped. Its great territorial annexe, as organized by Lord Haldane, fitted with ease and celerity into the general scheme of mobilization, and provided, in point of intelligence and skill, a force superior in some respects even to the Regular Army, for it was drawn from all sections of the population, including the flower of our intellectual youth and great masses of skilled workers who (*e.g.*, the miners and the engineers) have been of special value in this war. What nation, conscript or other, has provided something like three millions of such troops? The Germans may have excelled them in skill of organization. But that is due to the fact that Germany has made war the business of the national life to a degree to which no nation before or since has ever attained.

Again, let us challenge comparison of the relative success of voluntarism and conscription as a method of organizing services. The other day a great attack was made in the French Chamber on the sanitary service of the Army. In the course of that discussion Dr. Boussinot, who has been serving as an Army surgeon at the front, severely criticized this arm. He said that "1,300 doctors, the *élite* of the medical and surgical profession, had been mobilized at the beginning of the war as soldiers of the second class, although doctors were urgently needed. At the present moment one able surgeon was employed in feeding cattle, and a celebrated physician was guarding a railway." In the same way, we know that great numbers of the workers in the Creusot shops were conscripted at the beginning of the war and were returned to them later. But compare this statement as to the deficiencies of the French medical and sanitary services with the admitted excellence of our own. What was the reason of that excellence? Simply that before the war Sir Alfred Keogh, in co-operation with Lord Haldane, had worked out a complete system of voluntary hospital assistance in view of a possible invasion. Under this system, twenty-three base hospitals were provided, a first-rate R.A.M.C. service established for the Territorials, and 70,000 men and women trained as a Voluntary Aid Department to secure the conveyance of wounded men from the front to these bases, and to look after their wants. When war broke out this service was immediately

adapted to the new need, enlarged and strengthened, and its willing and skilled units despatched to every quarter of the globe where their work was wanted. Such a plan could not, of course, have been provided without the co-operation of the medical profession. This was yielded with enthusiasm, and most of its distinguished heads were given commissions in the Army, so that in wartime their place in the general system could at once be assigned them.

7th. Lord Middleton announces that we must have conscription, *because next winter the burden of the defence will fall on France, and we shall be fighting "with one hand tied behind our back."* And this from an ex-Secretary for War! Only from the Mr. Brodrick of the old Army Corps days could such an "argument" have appeared. For any man of common sense knows, not only that if conscripts were seized and enrolled to-morrow, not one of them by any chance could appear as a fighting unit before next winter is long over; but that even the volunteers who are pouring in to-day in a steady and unfailing stream can by no energies or activities be drilled, armed, equipped, and despatched before next spring to France or Flanders, though they are all longing to go out to the seat of action in a week or a fortnight's time!

To sum up: The conscriptionists would split and destroy the Government—probably that is the real aim of many of them—split the Parliament, split the nation. This in face of a hitherto successful enemy. They would inaugurate fierce debate and resistance in the House of Commons, where things would be said that had much better be left unsaid in the interest of the Alliance. They would raise forces in the Labor World which they, at least, would never succeed in destroying. They have already announced so many exemptions—coal, iron and steel, railways, munitions, boots, khaki, war workers for our Armies, war workers for our Allies, agriculturalists to provide food, the men essential for the preservation of our export trade, the essential transport workers, the "breadwinners of the family"—that they would find at the end little to "conscript." The main harvest they would confessedly reap would be a few score thousand of "slackers" and "cowards," forced into penal battalions; without officers to command them or sergeants to drill them, or rifles with which to arm them. On such penal battalions there is to be wasted the equipment which our volunteers are still urgently demanding, and will be demanding for many months to come, and for which (if our volunteers do not want them) there exists an insatiable demand amongst many of our Allies, who are beseeching us for every rifle and all varieties of equipment that we can spare.

This is not policy. It is insanity. It is surely time that the mischievous agitation for such a result should be brought to a close, and the energies of Government and people concentrated upon the serious work of ensuring victory for our arms. This is now the plea even of the majority of the conscriptionist press. It can surely be accepted by the little knot of conscriptionists in the Cabinet. They have not hesitated to risk and invite the disruption of the Government and the resignation of the

Prime Minister. Perhaps they will stop when they realize that their agitation is unwanted—even by their own friends.

"SUPREMACY" AND "TRIBUTE."

THERE is, we think, one point of clarity in the distractions and obscurities of the war. That is that Germany wants peace. She wants it in the same breath in which she proclaims an ever-victorious army, a people running over with enthusiasm, a clear conscience in the inauguration of the war, and an undisturbed belief in her capacity to end it as the dominant power of a "liberated" Europe. To the question why, if she has all these things, she suggests through a series of channels her willingness to negotiate, we get a variety of replies. One organ, the Jingo "Tageszeitung," insists that Germany has obtained "sufficient victories" to secure what she wants. Another, the more moderate "Frankfurter Zeitung," declares that the Allies "only need to recognize" that the "object of the war," "our destruction," can never be attained, and hopes that "for their sake as well as our own" that day may come soon. Much the same point of view is taken by the German professors who repudiate annexation, by the group represented in the organization known as "Neues Vaterland," and by the Socialists. No direct response is made to the pleas by the Chancellor, or to the answering clamor from Industrials, National Liberals, and Jingo professors, in favor of wholesale annexation, the naked exploitation of French and Belgian resources, and the tyrannical subordination of the sixteen million or so new German subjects whom these operations are to incorporate in the German Empire. But he, too, gropes after peace. A sketch of the world-place which Germany desires to take after the war is plainly suggested in the recent speeches of the German Chancellor and the Minister of Finance. That sketch is, we think, correctly described in Sir Edward Grey's admirable rejoinder to the German Chancellor as a demand for "supremacy and tribute." The European Balance of Power, says the Chancellor, is to disappear, to be replaced by a "liberated" Europe, "free from French intrigues, Muscovite desire of conquest, and English guardianship"—of everything indeed but the liberties guaranteed by the liberators of Belgium—and finally clamped down and secured against the rivalry of Britain by a German-made "freedom of the seas." The means of sustaining this vast fabric is to be supplied by the Empires and nations which it cripples and overlays. "Our economic future" (says the Finance Minister) "must be freed from the gigantic burden of the war. The heavy burden of thousands of millions must be borne through decades by the instigators of this war, but not by us."

This, then, is the German peace. That the mind of German statesmanship faintly realizes that this is to propose an impossible end of the war may be gathered from the various attempts of the Chancellor to lower the note of Jingoism which proclaims it. Let military men judge military results. Do the German Staff imagine that they are insatiable of victory when in the West they confront

two unbeaten armies of high military quality, that in Middle Europe they engage a third powerful nation fresh to the war, and that in the East they confront a fourth and unbeaten nation, specially endowed by its nature and genius with the power of resistance and of development, and that within the fold of this Alliance lie resources of men and wealth superior to their own, as well as a spirit of endurance in no wise inferior? They may. But German statesmen envisage other problems. They foresee, as the fruit of a two years' campaign, a war debt of two thousand millions sterling. They know that, whatever happens in the war, German maritime trade is extinct so long as England remains unconquered and her command of the seas virtually undisturbed. They are aware—for they appear to have offered some feeble objections—that Germany's method of waging war by land and by sea has aroused so profound a resentment that for years to come the trading facilities of her people will be curtailed by indignant refusal of custom over a good part of the world's mercantile area. They know that Germany is in no condition to support a policy of annexation by armies of occupation, enforcing indemnities which anti-German Europe will contemptuously refuse to provide so long as her armies and navies hold the field and the ocean, and which could not be raised in the event of her utter impoverishment by defeat in war. They must know that the dream of political supremacy in the Near East is at an end, and that all Germany can hope to salvage is that Teutonic unity which no sane statesman hoped or desired to break, for it was the creation not of war but of race and character.

It may not, indeed, be in the line of this domineering and self-confident people to conceive how gravely the future of Germany has been prejudiced by her war not merely on her foes, but on the entire tradition of public law and comity. Sir Edward Grey truly said that the battle in this war is for the "right to live, not under German supremacy, but in real freedom and safety." For German supremacy means to millions of people the supremacy in the field of government and ideas of the men who sank the "*Lusitania*" and the "*Arabic*," who carried out the bloody *razzia* in Belgium, and who, having in cruel levity torn up the treaty they guaranteed, turn with cruel perfidy on their victim, and charge him with their own admitted offence. When, therefore, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg again disputes Germany's responsibility for the war, there is no need for Sir Edward Grey to recall the cardinal fact of her refusal of arbitration, of mediation, of the multitudinous good offices tendered by him with the wholeheartedness of the most loyal of men. It is enough to set up against the Chancellor's picture of a peace-loving Germany the image of the war-waging Germany which has stamped itself on the horrified imagination of our time. One soul and body shared these two acts of this powerful nation. The Germany which passed the Austrian ultimatum to Servia; passed the time-limit; refused arbitration; sternly or cunningly held off all intermediary action; warned off Russia, and summoned her to surrender her power in the Slav world; and, finally,

with her ultimatums to Russia and France, slammed the door on the Austro-Russian conversations, stands also guilty of the crime of waging a barbarian's war. There lies the great moral barrier which this nation of pure intellectuals has raised against itself, and which shuts out all thought of acquiescence in an extension of its power. But we are far from saying that the task of European statesmanship ends on the day when the notion of Germany's predominance has been beaten out of her governors' minds. That day must and will arrive; until it dawns peace is impossible, for there is no one to make peace with. But the great merit of Sir Edward Grey's reply to the Chancellor is that he admits a common responsibility for peace on the part of all the belligerent nations, and more than hints at the nature of our own contribution to it. If Europe will have no German land supremacy and will lie under no German tribute, neither do we, the greatest of Sea Powers, desire to hold the remotest parts of the world in fee to the exigencies of our naval position. Threatened as we are threatened, there is nothing for it but to meet land-power by sea-power. But we want no embargo on neutral trade. In the months before the war we were approaching nearer and nearer to a limitation by international agreement of the rule by purely national law at sea. Our spirit was liberal and progressive; and it re-emerges naturally with the end of the war. If Germany will respect freedom on land, and give sureties for her observance of it, if she will join a European society reasonably secured against the incursions of war, she knows well that Liberal England is no kind of instrument for a rule of tyranny at sea.

BULGARIA'S CHOICE.

THE tangled Balkan problem is suddenly full of new facts, but it is only the rashest prophet who would attempt to forecast with assurance their bearing on the attitude of the Eastern neutrals. Italy has declared war on Turkey, and thereby added a new guarantee to the resolve of the Western Powers to force the Dardanelles. In Greece M. Venezelos has returned to power, and in Serbia the Chamber has at last authorized the Government to make the "sacrifices" which are necessary to the realization of national unity. Important as all these new facts are, they are surpassed in significance by the signs which grow daily more numerous and more evident, that the Germans propose to hack a way for themselves through Serbia and Bulgaria to the succor of Turkey. The project is not a new one, and it may to-morrow be abandoned or postponed—not for the first time. The weakness of the Turco-Austro-German alliance has been from the first that the Turks were isolated. Only by two routes could they be succored by a Power which does not hold the seas. The easier of these, through Roumania, has been firmly closed by the resolve of its Government to observe a neutrality strict in form, and in substance friendly to the Quadruple Entente. When Roumania refused to allow the passage of German supplies and reinforcements to Turkey, the alternative which remained was to fight for the way across the north-east corner of Serbia, and then, with Bulgarian acquiescence,

to use the good road from Widin to Sofia over the Balkans. Every success for our arms in the Gallipoli Peninsula, not to mention the prospect that Italian reinforcements may soon arrive, brings the moment nearer at which the Germans may have to adopt this expedient, on pain of seeing Constantinople fall. The pivot of the whole situation, both military and diplomatic, is now as always Bulgaria. If she were to permit the passage of munitions for Turkey over her roads and railways, she would be rendering to the Central Powers the services of a complacent and friendly neutral—such services as Greece has rendered to her ally Serbia. If she went further, and allowed German troops to march over her territory, she would have taken her place beside the Central Powers almost as decisively as if she were to become a combatant.

Events, after a year of hesitation, have at length brought Bulgaria face to face with a definite choice. She may have to range herself in one camp or the other to the extent at least of allowing or refusing the use of her territory to the enemy. We hesitate to believe the positive statement in the German wireless news that she has already taken her decision, and has promised Turkey benevolent neutrality, and possibly something more, in return for the cession of the Adrianople-Dedeagatch Railway. That she was negotiating with Turkey, her Prime Minister had avowed, with the usual Bulgarian frankness. But she had also entered into discussions with the Quadruple Entente, and M. Radoslavoff's statement implied that his wish was emphatically to fight on its side, provided that Bulgaria's claims to Macedonia were admitted and their realization guaranteed. If that was his wish, it was still more strongly held by the Opposition. One assumes that before completing any agreement with Turkey, Bulgaria would wait a reasonable time in order to test the result of the action of the Quadruple Entente upon Serbia. This was the critical week, and it was doubtless known in Sofia, as it was known here, that the prospects of a friendly arrangement are good. Serbia has been slow to see that her own future, and even her own preservation depend upon an understanding with Bulgaria, nor has the diplomacy of the Allies shown resource or promptitude or firmness in bringing an understanding about. But it is now at last in sight, and the probabilities are that within a few days or weeks Bulgaria may, if she pleases, have her claim to Central and Western Macedonia acknowledged not only by the Powers of the Entente but by Serbia herself. That she would anticipate this favorable moment by a premature bargain with Turkey, seems highly improbable. Turkey can offer nothing more than the railway and the inconsiderable strip of territory through which it runs. Valuable as this railway is, no Bulgarian would for a moment dream of weighing it in the scales against the broad regions of Macedonia, inhabited by a race which has endured half-a-century of persecution for its faith in the Bulgarian idea. Of that goal the Bulgarians will never lose sight, and one must suppose that if ever Bulgaria should throw in her lot with Turkey and the Central Powers, it would only be on the understanding that they would allow her eventually to take from Serbia, what Serbia is willing to-day to give.

The permanent interests of Bulgaria are simple, definite, and few. She has no dreams of a wide and scattered Empire, as the Greeks have. If she should include every village of Bulgar race within her frontiers, she would be still a small Power compared with the legitimate hope which Serbia and Roumania entertain. She must recover Macedonia, and that she should do so we desire both for the sake of the luckless Macedonians themselves and for the future peace of the Near East. But after this vital and passionate claim (as just a claim as any race in Europe can prefer to any territory not yet its own), Bulgaria has another interest, and that is to ensure her own effective independence. Of that she has always been jealous, and the gratitude which she sincerely felt for Russia's work of liberation in 1877, has never allowed her to become the instrument of Russian policy. All the politics of the Balkans have turned for half-a-century on the Austro-Russian rivalry. Serbia, geographically remote from Russia, has turned to her for protection against her dangerous neighbor, Austria. Bulgaria, with an exposed coast on the Black Sea, tended rather to lean on Austria, which is nowhere her neighbor.

The question which Bulgaria has now to answer, is whether she dare, by her action or even by her inaction, place the Balkans under an Austro-German hegemony. Across her territory runs the railway which the Central Powers must use for the military and economic subjugation of the East. Even if Germany should facilitate for her the acquisition of Macedonia, the fact remains that over Macedonia lies the road to Salonica, and on that eligible port the forward Austrian party has certainly not renounced its claims merely because the Greek flag flies over it. Enver Bey may be induced with difficulty to make concessions to Bulgaria to-day, but he has certainly not abandoned his hopes of recovering the sacred seats of the Committee in Lower Macedonia. Any expansion which Bulgaria might obtain by the goodwill of Germany would be secure on one condition—that she entered the German political and economic system without reserves, that she placed her ports, her roads and her armies at the disposition of Berlin, that she became, with no share in the control of its policy, a satellite of the Central Empire. For such a part the sturdy independent Bulgarian temper is ill-fitted. Sooner or later she would resist such a system of dictation and exploitation, and her fate would then be to be broken. Serbia is at present her barrier against the German march to the East. If she allows that barrier to be overthrown, her liberties and the whole future of the Balkans are compromised. It was impossible for her to support Serbia so long as the Serbians ruled her own kinsmen in Macedonia as conquerors. The solution of that question, which the decision of the Serbian Chamber at last brings within sight, removes the last obstacle to the reconstitution of a Balkan League. As belligerents, we hope for the restoration of that League in our own interests. As good Europeans we desire it, because without it the Balkan Peninsula will never be able to retain its own freedom. To our thinking the winning of Bulgarian support is worth more

than any other service which diplomacy could render to the Allied Cause. We would leave nothing undone to win her. If the cession of Cyprus to Greece would enable that very cautious little Power to surrender Kavalla with a good grace, we would not hesitate about it. Above all, the terms must be definite, and the guarantees binding. The help of Bulgaria would mean the winning of the war in the East within a few weeks or months, and it would probably mean the entry at least of Roumania, if not of Greece, into our combination. If any want of tact or firmness, if any lingering prejudice against minor States has stood in the way of this transaction, it will rank among the most disastrous errors committed in this war.

A London Diary.

I do not say that the conscriptionists are beaten and the battle of freedom won; but they are already retreating and a divided army. When trade unionism has spoken, we may, I think, speak of them as a routed one. The conscriptionist intrigue—it has been nothing less, inside and outside the Government—may have small successes here and there. It has formed a cabal at the Prime Minister's door. It has picked up a handful of Liberal recruits of no great quality or distinction. It has made some seducing appeals. It has labored to undermine authority. It has schemed (in vain) for a hint from Lord Kitchener that might be pressed into the service. It has made a dead set to secure Mr. Arthur Henderson. But the one thing that happened to be the most important of all, it not only failed but forgot to do. It left out the British workman.

THE omission has been quite fatal. There is no kind of doubt now as to what organized British labor thinks about conscription. People like Mr. Hodge, Mr. Bowerman, Mr. Smillie, Mr. Richards, Mr. Appleton, are, of course, perfectly competent to speak for it, and they have spoken without qualification. But what they say is a faint echo of the rank-and-file language. The workman's view of conscription does not hang on a qualification. It does not even depend on what Lord Kitchener may or may not say about it. It is dead opposition. I take the report of an excellent observer who has lately made a tour of some munition factories. He was the witness of great industry and truly patriotic devotion. But when he talked about conscription the note of the men changed completely. "Don't mention that, mister," was the reply. "If you do, there'll be trouble." He thought their attitude not merely serious; it was "revolutionary." It will, of course, be fully expressed at the Trade Union Congress. It was the incredibility, the absurdity of the scheme, that stopped the mouths of the workmen. Otherwise they would have spoken long before this.

THE second set-back of the conscriptionists is the flight of the Conservative Press from the Harmsworth standards. The "Observer" began the movement; the "Telegraph" headed it in a very powerful article; and

now the "Express" and even the "Morning Post" have retreated to camp or to posts of observation. What is left? Lord Northcliffe and Lord Northcliffe's latest flower from the perennial stock which produces Anti-Budget Leagues, Anti-Servants' Insurance Demonstrations, and ends in smoke, and a duchess on the platform of the Albert Hall, with a lost Liberal sheep or two in decorative attendance. Look at the *personnel* of the National Servants. Examine the subscribers—the "Daily Mail's" £100, Lord Northcliffe's ditto—all this parade and re-parade of agile supers tripping to the old stage-management. Who is behind? One grieves to think of one figure, and one alone. The rest are nothing when weight and judgment, all the qualities so necessary to the nation's safety, at this time, come into play. The names of the anti-conscriptionists in the Cabinet need only be mentioned in order to assure the country of their overwhelming superiority in authority and importance. I suppose when the Cabinet has examined the facts and come to the only conclusion possible on them, the country might be bereaved of Lord Curzon, and mix its tears with India's. Need one look even for this withdrawal? The country is rarely side-tracked; it has so true and abiding a sense of where the centre of things lies.

As for Liberal opinion, I can only report its hardening on the anti-conscriptionist side. The reports from Scotland on this point are excellent. In spite of all attempts at distraction, Liberalism will, I am convinced, remain a party of freedom, partly from conviction, partly, too, from resentment at the ways and means of the conscriptionist agitation. That fact, with the support of some of the ablest Conservatives, the knowledge that Lord Curzon (able but unpopular) is the actual leader of the host, and the sturdy solidity of the Irish and the Labor Party, settles the question. Sir Alfred Moritz Mond's resignation of the directorship of the "Westminster Gazette" is a sign, if a small one, of the way the Liberal tide is running. Mr. Spender's view was always happily unassailed in the "Westminster," and it will now, I imagine, be unopposed on the directorate.

IT is vain to chronicle heroism in this war; these vast armies are full of it. But an example of what a surgeon did in one of the battles of Gallipoli seems to be beyond the praise of great deeds, and to be fit only for silent pondering. He was badly wounded in both legs. For hours he lay in pain and helplessness. A great part of that waiting he employed in crawling from one wounded man to another and ministering to their hurts.

MR. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE's death is untimely. The life thus ended began brilliantly. Few men could boast such sponsorship—an introduction to the Athenæum by a host of celebrities, an open door to the most interesting houses in London, a great future, a splendid name. The result was certainly not failure; for Mr. Spottiswoode joined ability to charm of bearing and character. Probably high ambition was lacking, the ambition which seems a little futile to happiness of temperament.

FROM AN ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT:—

"I see that war-correspondents are going to be allowed at the front, several from London papers, so we will soon have more particulars about the actual fighting, for though the laconic despatches of General Cadorna are wonderful examples of modest and truthful writing, they cannot satisfy entirely the layman who knows nothing of strategy and tactics. So, I will not say a word about our troops, except this, that a Member of the English Military Mission to the Front calls them "stunning," a high compliment coming from one who certainly knows. What I should like you to realize, so that you let it be known to your many friends, is the admirable spirit which has pervaded the whole nation; all party strife has been radically obliterated, economic disputes of old standing, some of which were exceedingly grave and threatening, have been settled; the *dan* of charity is magnificent, and the self-sacrifice of all classes admirable. One example: The Government decided to distribute to the R.R. men a sum of three million francs in recognition of their admirable and faithful service during our mobilization, which came on just when a great strike was being mooted by the men. Instantly, by unanimous impulse, the poor, not too well-paid railway men offered the three millions to the Italian Red Cross and to the Fund of the Widows and Orphans. Is that not remarkably fine?

"The twenty-five motor-ambulances your Committee sent, or are sending, to Italy have been most thankfully and gratefully accepted, and every one admires the wonderful capacity for giving of your country. The millions England is giving lavishly is absolutely an unprecedented record of charitable endeavour."

A WAYFARER.

THE NEW EUROPE.

IV.—ECONOMIC RIGHTS OF WAY.

WHEN the King of Bavaria declared the other day that this war would secure South Germany a direct access to the sea, he provoked the full rigor of the censorship. Yet the mutilated report of his speech produced a sensation in the German press, and precipitated a stormy debate in the Prussian Landtag, for it put into words at last a deeply ingrained sentiment for a "Natural Frontier."

This doctrine of "Natural Frontiers" is of old standing, and it has not been held in Germany alone. It was first formulated by Revolutionary France, and it had tacitly governed the foreign policy of the French crown for a century before. It starts from the phenomenon of a self-conscious nation, united in itself, and distinguished from the rest of mankind by the identical "will to co-operate" which inspires all its members. Such a society is "natural," and the division of the earth's surface which it occupies ought to be "natural," too. It ought, in other words, to be a self-sufficient economic unit, marked off from other countries by well-defined physical boundaries, and if the nation does not possess such boundaries already, it has a divine right to extend its territory till it attains them. The economic articulation of the world must be forced into the national mould.

This dogma enshrines all that is evil in the national principle. Instead of fostering the internationalism of modern economics, it deliberately rends the seamless web in pieces. Instead of being content with the essential

pluralism of nationality, it renders inevitable the struggle for existence between nation and nation, a "*corruptio optimi*" which national pluralism need never otherwise entail.

It is obvious, in fact, that one nation can only win its "natural frontiers" at the expense of another, and that only war can determine which of the two is to go to the wall. France fixed her "natural frontier" against Germany at the Rhine, and fought for two centuries to secure it. In 1871 Germany fixed hers against France at the Vosges, and now in 1915 she is proclaiming its extension through Verdun to Calais: "Germany must stretch to the Channel ports." There is no measure in all this, no term to the strife; for the only true criterion of nationality is the deliberate, declared will of the populations concerned, and if once we abandon that, all demarcation between nations becomes arbitrary. "Natural frontiers" are, in fact, the most artificial that can be drawn, and are simply a euphemism for the momentary conquests of brute force.

This is the bed of Procrustes, on which the nations of Europe have racked one another alternately for centuries. The present war, like the wars before it, is an attempt to retain recalcitrant victims under the torments, and to impose the torture on others previously immune.

Germany declares (and this is true, so far as it goes) that she made this war to save Austria-Hungary from dissolution. Yet the structure of the Hapsburg Monarchy, which has extorted our admiration for its economic interdependence and geographical compactness, is an illustration of the doctrine in its most extreme form. It exists in order to provide "natural frontiers" for a privileged minority, the Austrian Germans and the Magyars, and thwarts to this end the aspirations of nine nations or national fragments which compose the subject majority of the population.

Germany again declares, quite truly, that the occupation of Belgium was an incidental move in her plan of campaign; but in the meantime, German public opinion has discovered, and Dr. Dernburg has informed the American press, that "Belgium cannot be given up." The justification urged by this apologist, apart from the "untold sacrifice of blood and treasure," alluded to in a previous article, is that "Belgium commands the main outlet of western German trade, and is the *natural* frontage (*vorderland*) of the Empire." In other words, the nationality of seven million Belgians, with a few million Frenchmen thrown in, is to be trampled out of existence in order to give the German race a "natural frontier" towards the Channel, as well as towards the Adriatic.

But is there reason in all this? Is it really true that one nation cannot satisfy its economic needs without reducing so many others to political helotage? The paradox was expressed with unconscious piquancy in a German cartoon, which represented the Hansa Towns (three complacent matrons) approaching Antwerp (a distressed damsel) with words of comfort: "Now you will *speak German*, and be one of us." But is conversion by the sword really an essential condition for the exchange of economic services? Dr. Dernburg himself admits that "these considerations could be disregarded

if the natural commercial relation of Belgium to Germany were considered in a just and workable form"; and a simpler and less disastrous solution can surely be found in the principle of the "open door."

This principle is already operative in the case of Antwerp itself. Dr. Dernburg covets the port because "it offers to German trade the only outlet to an open sea," yet this outlet is the estuary of the Scheldt, which flows between Dutch banks, and is itself included in Dutch territorial waters. Antwerp has obtained this outlet, not by annexing the strip of Holland to the north of her, but by securing a right of way through it from the Dutch nation. Why, then, need Germany annex Belgium in order to secure her outlet across Belgium to Antwerp?

Dr. Dernburg will reply that the free navigation of a channel is easy to regulate, but that Germany communicates with Antwerp by lines of railway across a land frontier. Short of a Zollverein, her access must remain precarious, for, by raising a prohibitive tariff wall, Belgium might block it at any moment. So she might; but is it conceivable that she should do so? Not if there is any weight in a claim and a threat advanced by Germany in this regard.

Germany claims that Antwerp morally belongs to her already, because the chief commercial houses in the city are German, and because the prosperity of the port depends not on the local trade of Belgium, but on the "through traffic" carried on by these firms between the German hinterland and the open sea. This does not look as if Germany's economic transit had been incommoded by Belgian tariffs during the period when Germany was building up her industry.

Then Germany threatens that if she is ejected from Antwerp she will boycott it hereafter, and transfer her custom to Rotterdam. This implies that the "vorderland" is really dependent on the "hinterland," and that all the time Belgium has been economically at Germany's mercy, rather than Germany at Belgium's. In fact, the economic interplay of "hinterland" and "vorderland" is not essentially penalized by the interposition of a political frontier, even if the administrative boundary is accentuated by a customs-barrier. For confirmation of this, we can point to the relations between Portuguese East Africa and our own Empire.

Rhodesia, for instance, was originally explored and colonized from the south. Yet the first railway built in the country ran due eastward across the Portuguese frontier, to terminate in the foreign port of Beira; and even when Bulawayo was finally linked by an "all-red" line to the British port of Cape Town, the Beira route survived the new railway's competition, in spite of high freightages and Portuguese customs-dues.

The negotiations which preceded the formation of the South African Union have a still closer bearing on the case. The Transvaal, like Rhodesia and Germany, was barred out by geography from the sea, and several alien ports had been in competition for her traffic. But for six years before the Union was proposed, she had enjoyed a zollverein with Cape Colony and Natal, which gave her the same unhampered access to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban as Germany would obtain to Antwerp by the annexation of Belgium. The Act of

Union promised to confirm this privilege for ever; yet on the eve of its conclusion, the Transvaal signed a treaty with Portugal, guaranteeing that 50 per cent. of all trade with the Rand should pass through the Portuguese custom-house at Lorenzo Marques. Thus almost the last deed of the Transvaal as a separate community was to safeguard her commerce with a foreign port across an international frontier against her commerce with ports which were to count in future as her own.

These examples prove that political frontiers and economic rights of way can exist simultaneously in an effective form. They by no means rule each other out, and another instance will show that they may actually be made conditional upon one another. When the status of Macedonia was settled in 1913, Serbia allowed Greece to annex the littoral on condition that she received a right of way across it to a free port at Salonika, while Greece allowed Serbia to annex the hinterland in exchange for a free passage to Belgrade. Partition of the territory and partnership in the railway were complementary elements in this settlement.

Such precedents as these should be supremely valuable in the European settlement which will follow this war. In spite of Dr. Dernburg, Germany must promote her trade through Antwerp after the war, as she did so successfully before it, without robbing the Belgians of their national existence. Austria-Hungary, again, must forfeit her imposing compactness, or even, like European Turkey, disappear from the political map altogether, while the economic nexus between her former components continues unimpaired. Trieste, for example, when she realizes her national destiny by union with Italy, must remain a free port for the commerce of Prague, Vienna, and Munich. The consolidation of the Southern Slavs into an independent national state must be extorted from the Magyars, yet the latter must not be deprived of their economic outlet to the Adriatic seaboard. If we are to reconstruct Europe on the enduring basis of national will, we must be prepared to complicate the political map once more, and we can only do so by substituting for the pernicious doctrine of "natural frontiers" the more rational principle of "economic rights of way."

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

Life and Letters.

COURAGE AND CIVILIZATION.

It was the type and prince of literary men, who once remarked to Boswell that if Charles XII. of Sweden should enter any company and bid men follow his sword to great adventures, while Socrates in person beckoned to a dialectic debate, it would be the Swede who would carry with him the greater following. We have read gloomy speculations which predicted the decay of courage with the advance of civilization; but before courage dies the love of it must go. The plain fact is that it lives through ease and peace, through study and the intellectual life, and still would live though the last sword were rusted in its scabbard. That instinct which even Dr. Johnson confessed to his circle of students, artists, and politicians, burns as brightly in the most civilized and pacific of men

as in any Albanian or Pathan. If the good fairy who used to give men "three wishes" were to ask a multitude of healthy males whether they would rather win the V.C., or die loaded with academic honors, or covered with orders, nine men at least in ten would choose the V.C., and the exceptions, if there should be exceptions, would not be found among the students or the artists. Everything else belongs in all our minds to the trappings and accidents of life. A man may be proud of the honors done him by Universities or learned societies, and feel a certain vanity about titles and degrees, but all these glories belong to his secondary acquired self. They are the fruit of his studies or his labors. They are part of his social clothes. But his courage is himself. He can conceive himself very well without the knowledge of insects or the spectroscope which won him his scientific fame; he might just as well have happened not to lead the movement which gave him his place in politics and in old age a peerage; but his spirit and daring are essentials. He had them as a boy; he wears these orders on his naked body. It may be true that in primitive societies courage has a higher social value than it has in our own. It was, with wealth, the only road to fame and power. But one may question whether the purely emotional value, which men set on it, differs greatly in civilized and savage communities. It has lost its economic value, for it no longer means lands, and plunder, and slaves. But the thought of it still quickens the pulse.

The fact is, however, that our notion of a conspicuously brave deed, even on the battlefield, has changed with civilization. It is rarely mere prowess in killing which greatly impresses us. There has been a curious return in our modern trench-warfare to the old-world feats, in which one man, partly by the magnetism of sheer daring, partly by contempt of risks, and partly by exceptional physical strength or skill, contrives to kill or capture with his own bold hand a number of the enemy. Such exploits startle us, chiefly because we had supposed that they had become all but obsolete in these days of khaki and machinery. They are, with the armor and the grenades and the arrows, a part of our reconstitution of the past. Many a V.C. has been won in this war by such achievements. But, in spite of them, it is the more subtle and civilized conception of courage which dominates. Killing is well-nigh the whole of courage to the modern Albanian or the Malay head-hunter. It is no necessary part of our notions of military bravery, and most of us, reading over the V.C. records, are impressed chiefly by those exploits in which it played no part at all. The finest of these deeds are often curiously like the things which a brave civilian might have done in a ship or a mine amid some sudden danger into which no idea of aggression entered. The man who can kill six Germans with his own hand is a very useful soldier, but he may not happen to be of exceptional value, even in war, when the hour of combat is over. The men who performed some of these feats with aeroplanes or at sea, have, on the other hand, given proof of a devotion, an endurance, and a coolness which imply the highest standard of moral and physical development, and a "nerve" which is really a present intelligence. Such was the work of Commander Unwin, for example, and the two sailors and two midshipmen who won the V.C. with him at the landing from the "River Clyde." It is not easy to imagine anything finer than this officer's record (and the boys who helped him were hardly less heroic). He worked under heavy fire in the cold water at the lighters, until he had to be restored and wrapped in blankets. He then defied the doctor and returned to the water and the

bullets. Again, he had to return to the doctor's hands, this time with three slight bullet wounds, and once more he went out to rescue the wounded. Imagine all the while a hell of rifle and machine-gun fire, under which the dead and wounded fell literally by hundreds, and recollect that swimming about with ropes is not usually considered officer's work. Commander Unwin and the two "middies" must have done it themselves, because they would have been ashamed to order their seamen to face such a risk. To attempt it was gallant, but even finer than the attempt was the perseverance. The picture lives in the memory of Midshipman Drewry swimming about with a bullet wound in his head, until he had linked up the lighters with a rope, and with him we salute his comrades in the adventure, Seaman Williams, who was killed, and Seaman Samson, dangerously wounded. It was a gallant exploit, and we like it no less because it was exactly the kind of thing which miners will do after an explosion, or sailors in a wreck. As fine, and so uncommon as to have something of the miraculous about it, was the feat of Captain Liddell, of the Flying Corps. A bullet broke his thigh in mid-air, somewhere near Bruges or Ghent. He lost consciousness for a moment, while the machine dropped 3,000 feet, and then, coming to, to find his own body in agony and his machine injured in three vital parts, he none the less recovered control and steered her safely (Is an aeroplane "she"?) under a rain of shot during a half-hour's dangerous and painful flight, back to the British lines. One marvels, first of all, at the superb steadiness of nerve and will which could achieve this exploit. But there was more in it than that. A man in whom the instinct of self-preservation had dominated, would have been content, with a broken thigh and an injured machine to plane down to earth as promptly as possible, and surrender. If he had done this (after losing consciousness), we should still have thought it a notable feat of "nerve." But what Captain Liddell did, at a ten-fold risk, was to continue his flight triumphantly back to the British lines. The official wording of the patent of nobility which gives him his V.C. is in its simple way expressive—"for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty." Once more there was nothing aggressive in this act of courage. It was such a deed in the air, performed in strange conditions and amid awful and unfamiliar perils, as sailors have performed time and again with their boats and soldiers with their guns. But it was a finer feat than the old days ever knew, simply because the navigation of the air requires a readiness of nerve and a quickness of intelligence that are miraculous and new. A wounded sailor bringing in a leaky boat a hundred years ago might have shown the same bravery and devotion to duty, but hardly the same qualities of nerve and skill.

We all realized early in this war that forty years of peace have brought no decline of courage to any European race. We suppose that barely one man in a thousand, taking all the armies of the Continent together, had ever been under fire before. They have faced perils far stranger, infinitely more nerve-shattering, than their fathers ever knew, and come superbly from the ordeal. But that is not all. Modern warfare in some of its phases, always in the air and under the water, and often among the complicated mechanism of the ships and the guns, demands an intelligent courage and an alert audacity for which there was no occasion in earlier days. The development of machinery may make mere muscular strength unimportant, but it exacts an infinitely greater degree of physical prowess in every other particular, in

the quickness of the senses, the sureness of movement, and the steadiness of nerve. It is sometimes said that machinery makes the body unimportant. The fact is exactly the contrary. It reduces big thews to insignificance, but it exacts a physical fitness of which the old-world warrior had no need at all. We may admire the superb display in war of these qualities, mental, physical, and moral. But the whole lesson of this war is that war is not needed to develop them. They are the growth of peace, and modern civilization, with all the demands which its strange machinery makes on the intelligence of the body, calls them to exercise even more surely than the life our fathers led. Courage is like any other virtue, a habit. But it is formed in most boys and girls long before they are out of their teens. The boy who takes his swimming, his climbing, and his cycling on a system of limited risks will not develop the mind that wins the V.C. That mind is formed by the habit of meeting the countless little dangers of play and work. It is at bottom a mental rather than a physical quality, and it is found as often in the weak as in the strong. The lusty human animal, with a keen zest in life, is, indeed, sometimes a coward, simply because his instinct of self-preservation is abnormally developed. Driven to the wall with no other way of escape, he will fight bravely as an animal will, but the same man may shirk risks, if shirking seems the way of safety. The courage of the civilized man or woman is at bottom self-respect. In its lower form, it is shame at seeming a coward to others; in finer natures it is shame at seeming a coward to oneself. It becomes with exercise a keen and habitual joy. If it is more general in Europe to-day than it ever was before (and no student of military history can doubt that), we should seek for the cause in everything which has raised the self-respect of the masses. The free peasant has everywhere replaced the serf, and the industrial worker has built up, in his trade union, a protection for his human dignity. Every step which has raised a generation that cringes no longer to landlord or master or noble, has meant a growth of courage. Political freedom has counted for something, social and industrial freedom (so far as it exists) for even more. If anything has checked this growth in self-respect and courage, if anything has, during the long peace on the Continent, unfitted men for the awful test of war, that thing is simply militarism, and the brutal discipline of the barrack. The more civilization means in the affirmation of human dignity, the more widely it permits to the workers and to women the freedom and the self-respect which were once manly and aristocratic privileges, the more will it develop courage. War may test this virtue, but it cannot make it.

IN THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

"WAR is god-like," wrote Bernhardt, "and as natural as eating and drinking." "War is hell" was Sherman's terser definition. The latter, despite some attempts, now a little belated, to sing of the "sword's high irresistible song" by men who had never seen a shot fired in anger or entered a field hospital, remains on the whole the accepted verdict of this country. If any doubt existed in the minds of the ignorant, they might be invited to read the record of the Abbé Klein's experience as chaplain to the American hospital at Neuilly during the first six months of the present struggle.

In this "Diary of a French Army Chaplain" (Andrew Melrose), written with extraordinary simplicity and a kind of natural charm, the reader is taken by this charming French priest—himself a leader in the

Modernist Movement—behind the noise of battle and whatever panoply of war still remains, to the actual realities of war as it affects the life of the common soldier. Even the Abbé himself, carrying out his daily work of charity and consolation, and inspired by a faith which all his patients cannot share, is moved to outbreaks of anger as he records the accumulation of physical pain and the agonies of the bereaved. Although for the many "there was no question but of France and God"; and although the record is of quick staggering change from seemingly hopeless defeat, to the great victory in which the invaders are flung back from Paris, he cannot remove from his mind the tragedy of it all. For alike in victory or defeat, the stream of wounded boys never ceases. They have gone from homes in Brittany, from Lorraine, or the South. They return from the front, picked up by the service of the motor ambulances, magnificently worked, to the great Pasteur Institute which the American Hospital occupies, to receive there all the attentions which modern science can devise, and all the skill that the finest surgery can bestow. But they have lain out in the fields for days. They have been picked up from trench, or copse, or barn, or cellar, or between the firing lines. They lie very quietly. There is scarcely a word of complaint. It is only when delirious that they think of the battle. For the most part the thoughts of each turn to "normal and reasonable existence: it is home, it is the family, the persons and things he loves, all the good things whose value he feels the more for being separated from them, for having even just missed losing them at a blow." Small wonder that as one after another of these "common soldiers" are wrenched out of his hands by the merciless hands of death, the Abbé breaks into denunciation: "One only thing now seems to me to be desirable—an end to the massacres." "I don't say this as a reproach," he cries out. "It is war, and one can do nothing to prevent it. But because it is what it is, cursed be war." Nevertheless, he is firm in calling for a struggle which will make an end: for "the determination that this war shall be carried on to such a point that it will be the last—to such an end, anyhow, that the enemy cannot make it afresh for several centuries."

One curious attitude in these little records of the experience of men, wounded and shattered and maimed, is the absence of any fierce hatred of their enemies. They seem to have left that on the battlefield. There are repeated testimonies to the rough kindness of the German medical officers who, even in the retreat, seem to have been endeavoring to save the life of their wounded enemies. There are testimonies also of good-tempered kindness by the French themselves to the "Bosches" whom they discover in hiding, half starved, in dolorous plight, expecting only to be massacred. The memories of the great wrongs done vanished, and with the breaking up of the military machine, the "common people" become common people again; alike hungry, miserable, wounded, the derelicts of the great army. "We found Alboches everywhere about," is the witness of one, "even at the end of several days in lofts, in the hay, behind the bean-stalks. The woods were full of little sets of them. At night they came over to get beetroots, and carrots, and apples. We went into a church in a forsaken village; a poor old fellow, with quite grey hair, was there. And if he didn't fall on his knees, making signs that he had three children! We brought him away, and treated him like one of ourselves." In another case, "it was a trench; there were lots of dead in it, and four alive; they were dying of hunger, and didn't they just fall upon our bread!" A French soldier and a German captain "fallen out" of the struggle spend two days in the wood

without help. "I still had a little bread in my haversack and some spirit of mint," says the soldier, "and we shared it. I could not give him drink for there was none." And when the Germans return and "looked uglily at us," and "I said, 'We're all lost,'" the captain testifies to this kindness. And a German orderly binds his broken leg to the handle of a spade, and carries him out of the wood, where he can be found by his friends. And his life is saved. But there are horrors unspeakable in these woods and quiet fields: and those who have only seen the misery of the hospital have seen only the least intolerable part of the suffering. "I saw an officer," says one, "his brain was hanging over his eye. And the black corpses and the bloated horses! It's the night that's the saddest. You hear cries, 'Help, help!' Some of them are calling for their mothers. No one answers."

Even the heat of triumph cannot always express the connection of common humanity of the wrongfulness of it all. "We fell upon them in a wood," says a reservist. "Didn't we just knock them about, poor wretches! There oughtn't to be wars like that." The English are different: a source of perpetual joy and wonderment to the Abbé; classed with the Moors and negroes as natural fighters; full of courage and spirit and laughter; making light of their sufferings; careless—seemingly—of life or death. In this great hospital, amongst the French there is extraordinary patience, courtesy, calm. Only intolerable agonies evoke a cry. There is quiet and a great longing for rest in a palace of pain. But when the English or the Moors arrive, the atmosphere changes. A huge Highlander insists on leaning out of the window, and underneath "the crowd endeavors to express its sympathy by a discreet ovation." "The arrival of two Englishmen and your servant makes conversation possible. I am asked to explain, to recount, to interpret. The talk lasts a full quarter of an hour." Wounded Zouaves arrive; and next morning, says the Abbé, "I found one in a room where he runs no risk of losing his spirits. Three Englishmen were singing merrily to the applause of a Tunisian and four Frenchmen." They learn knitting, and knit while they laugh and sing. "Who is this young officer, laughing as he walks about, a borrowed képi unblushingly stuck over one ear! An English lieutenant. Who are those soldiers who are jumping along on their crutches or running on their wooden leg in the corridor! English again. And those who are singing with much gesticulation, laughing aloud and trying to make others laugh! Always English, unless by chance they be Tunisians or negroes." "Assuredly not Frenchmen," adds the Abbé sadly. "We shall once again know happiness, and once again we shall laugh; now it is no longer possible." But for the English, "quite contrary to the idea the French had of them before seeing them close," testifies the Abbé, "the English are remarkable for their animation."

The English alone also—except the French officer—desire speedy recovery and return to the fighting. The "common soldier" is willing to go; his country is in danger; but all his longing is for home. "True as it is that I have heard no complaint from a single one of the wounded," says the Abbé, "it is as true that I have seen but a very small number who wished to go back to the front; first our officers and some English and African born fighters, also a few young fellows in our active forces, never reservists or heads of families." Yet it is an Englishman who bursts out into sudden denunciation of the clumsy brutality of it all. "I loved fighting, formerly," he declares to the Abbé, "but now I've done with it. It's not war, it's murder. There's no pleasure in it."

So as the Summer passes and the year descends through a quiet Autumn towards its close, the Abbé Klein, as so many thousands of the heroic Christian priests of France, continued his duty, having no thought otherwise but of "France and of God," confronting with a faith that is challenged daily but daily triumphant the smashing to pieces of a world. The strongest impression of this book is of the sincerity and sympathy of the author, as every day he has to face earth's most sorrowful experiences: death and loss and longing, and the grief of wife and mother, who arrive only to find that their sons or husbands are dead. He tries not to hate the enemies of humanity who have brought this destruction upon the people. He is proud, and rightly, of the heroism of his own land. He has nothing but praise also for the help, determination, and dogged resistance of the English. And he is rightly lyrical in praise of Belgium, a country "before which history will bow the knee." "At the point of death, to all appearances, yet serene, as certain of final victory as of its duty; its hand always on the sword, and its eyes raised to heaven to see the coming of the justice of God." At times, when the strain is almost unbearable, as in the chapel in the great silence of the middle of the Night of the Feast of the Dead, his mind is filled with doubt as to the ultimate meaning of it all, amid the darkness of the little lamp of the tabernacle, while opposite "against the great windows the wind shook the branches of the trees, and Autumn leaves knocked upon the panes like a swarm of suppliant souls." But the weakness is always conquered, and faith burns bright and undimmed, that somehow good shall be the final goal of all, and that we too shall some day recognize this good, so dearly bought. "We shall enjoy it," he defiantly affirms, "not only like our beloved dead, in that invisible world where each of us harvests in fruits of joy or grief, that which he sowed of goodness or evil. We shall enjoy it even in this world, where the Divine Justice which unbelievers also worship as we do, although under another name, ends always by apportioning to the peoples, according to their conduct, prosperity or failures, glory or dishonor." With such faith in present redress and ultimate triumph he faces the future—unafraid.

THE CHEMISTRY OF DISEASE.

THE fruitful discoveries which, from time to time, enrich the world's store of knowledge, are not isolated phenomena. However high their branches may tower, they are yet grounded deeply and widely in the soil of their time, and without it they could never have come to fruition. This is clearly true of that extraordinary scientific generalization which was due to the great man of science, Paul Ehrlich, who has just passed away. Ehrlich's discovery was only extraordinary in its implications. In itself it bore the hall-mark of most great works, a simplicity or ordinariness which makes one wonder how it was that the world waited so long for it. Ehrlich held that every living cell had a number of likings or affinities. It might be conceived as a restless unit stretching out tentacles for certain appropriate substances. Some of its likings or affinities would be morbid tastes, some helpful; but morbid or healthy, its tastes were real and specific. This does not seem to be a very profound contribution to knowledge; but it was born in a time when a number of branches of science were ready for its handmaids, and it has within its power probably the cure of all infectious diseases.

The last century has witnessed a most rapid

development of science. At various periods there have been accelerations when some hypothesis or generalization has stimulated research to a greater intensity. An instructive object-lesson may be obtained from a comparison of the reports of the British Association meetings a quarter of a century ago and last year. The field covered is much the same, but there are numbers of subdivisions now which did not then exist. The developments in chemistry are among the most fascinating and, although since the discovery of radio-activity, physical chemistry has attracted more attention, there are other branches of the science which have grown very greatly and have a more fascinating and intimate appeal. One of these is synthetic chemistry. When organic chemistry was found to be subject to the same laws which govern inorganic chemistry, the impetus to analytical study of organic compounds gave rise to certain instructive results. Organic compounds were found to be structures of atoms similar at all events to inorganic substances. It was a short step from this to the artificial building up of simple organic compounds. It is now nearly a century since some of these organic substances were made in the laboratory. Alcohol and urea were among the earliest to be made, and during the last fifty years grape and cane sugars, indigo, camphor, caffeine and cocaine have been built up from their constituents. This, again, regarded dispassionately, does not seem to be a world-shaking achievement, but it was a significant line of research which had its value in preparing the soil for greater developments. In passing, it may be pointed out that the artificial preparation of natural commodities of such value as camphor, indigo, and sugar is of the utmost importance to mankind.

Another of the developments of organic chemistry has been the object of an almost incredible mass of research. It may be described as the topographical study of the units of organic compounds. For it was found that not only were substances made up of given constituents in given quantities, but also that these constituents were arranged in special ways. The bricks and mortar, so to say, of quite different compounds might be exactly the same. Of course, it is clear that an architect can from the same materials build houses shaped to different designs and purposes. But the structure of molecules is not like that of a house, which is patent to all. The fact that the molecule of an organic compound has a sort of topography, with its constituent atoms laid out here and there in an orderly plan like a garden city, was only discovered when students, in attempting to build up compounds in the laboratory, found that, with the same ingredients and the same proportions, and the same actual quantities, they could at times make as many as sixty different substances.

Ehrlich was born into an era deeply engrossed with the artificial building up of organic and living products and with the study of the topography of their smallest parts. His attention was turned to infectious diseases which another discovery had shown to be due to bacteria. It was known that different bacteria, like the cells of different parts of the body, take different dyes, and the process of dyeing is similar to that of the injection of poison into the tissues. Different cells, then, had an affinity to different substances. It had also been found that after a certain treatment with a drug, bacteria became immune to that drug, and also to all the cognate drugs of the same class. The affinity was therefore specific affinity. So far, little had been done to lighten the lot of suffering humanity, for the method of killing bacteria, outside the human body, was simple enough; but it had been frequently found that the substance

which killed the bacteria would, in the human body, attack a given organ first, and leave the bacteria alone. Here, then, was the problem. It was required to find something which would attack the bacteria but leave the organ and organism unaffected. Ehrlich came to think that in the topography of the cells lay the secret of the problem. Somewhere there lay a gateway. A suitable bridge must be found for this gateway; then over the bridge the poison detachments would make their way in conveyances specially suited to the bridge, then they would dig their syringes firmly in the cell substance and the poison would be injected. Thus fancifully stated, are the essentials of the problem. In every cell there are many affinities, or, as we have called them, gateways. They have been scientifically looked upon as hooks to which "side chains" or "anchor groups" are attached. However we describe them the crucial difficulty is the same. Such an "anchor group" or "bridge" must be found that it will correspond to some part of the bacteria, but will have so little correspondence with the diseased organ that the second essential—the poison substance—will be able to have full access to the bacteria, be firmly fixed to them, but will have little chance of attacking the organ. And, thirdly, there must be something which will unite the poison substance to the bridge, some especially appropriate conveyance; and, fourthly, there must be some special affinity between the poison compound and the cell substance, something like a syringe, which would be a means of communication. Thus stated the problem opens out a seeming vista of research. All the affinities of all cells must be found before the end of bacterial disease will come into view. But once they are found, the end is not yet. Then there arises another line of research to find such substances as will anchor the poison factor to such a cell and not to another. There must be numbers of attaching substances which will fix the poison on to the bacteria and not to the organ.

The strangest variety of results has been found among such substances. By varying them, almost any organ may be rendered immune or any attacked. The poison may generate almost any intensity. This vast and most fruitful line of research it was that Ehrlich opened. Some of the aniline dyes were used as the nucleus of some of the poison groups, and as almost the whole trade of organic technical chemistry was in German hands (although it was in England that Perkin set the industry on foot and where it was first worked), there was abundance of material at the disposal of the students engaged in research. It was their work to build up different linking groups and the effect of the substance formed from the poison element, and the fresh linking element was tried upon infected animals. Some animal diseases had given way to treatment in a manner which has not been paralleled in the same diseases in mankind. But, on the whole, the method has worked well, and it can hardly be doubted that it is working upon the right lines. There are, of course, other factors which pass to the bedside physician to discover. There are personal idiosyncrasies besides those of the specific cells. Some people suffer the effects of poison from rice or strawberries; and the application of specifics which have proved successful in the case of animals, however logically and scientifically may be the line of thought which has occasioned their selection, is still to some extent an act of faith. But the actual practice with drugs made on these lines, and especially salvarsan and neo-salvarsan, has been most successful. When a further idiosyncrasy, due to another disease beside that under immediate treatment, is allowed for, the careful use of salvarsan and neo-salvarsan for relapsing fever,

sleeping sickness, and syphilis, has proved of the utmost benefit; at times in the earliest stages of these diseases it has been known to effect an immediate cure.

Still these are not the chief merits of Ehrlich's work. They are that a firm foundation, however modest, has been given for the further advance against bacterial disease. There can be no doubt the main conceptions are sound, and, however long it may take, the lines they open up are not infinite and can at length be traced. And it is not only in the special lines for which this great man will ever be remembered that work remains to be done. All diseases due to bacteria, all diseases due to cells of any sort—even tuberculosis—must sooner or later yield to this scientific hunt for their due specifics.

Present-Day Problems.

THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS, 1915.

To those who are interested in the future of organized labor, the agenda of the forthcoming Trade Union Congress must have occasioned surprise. Whilst the country is engaged in a tremendous conflict abroad, whose effects are being felt in every relation of capital and labor at home, the trade unionists seem content to go on in the old way. It is hardly credible, and yet quite true, that of the hundred or so resolutions that are down for discussion, not more than twelve at the outside are even remotely concerned with the really vital issues that are facing, and will face, the trade union movement. The cry of "business as usual," so popular with shopkeepers, seems to have taken firm hold of the first assembly really representative of labor that has met for two years. No one has ever accused the "movement" of a superabundance of imagination. But it has not been devoid of sense and sensibility. To trace the agenda, resolution by resolution, could serve no purpose, save to exasperate the readers, but it is worth while to direct attention to one or two of the subjects over which the representatives of 3,000,000 workers intend to waste their time.

For the last ten years the Congress has solemnly passed a resolution moved by the London and Provincial Union of Licensed Vehicle Workers, demanding a less restricted entry of cabs into Hyde Park. That this resolution appears year after year serves to prove that a real grievance exists, but it seems strange that the Executive of the Union should continue to press it. The Vehicle Workers know quite well that at the end of the war they will be faced with an alarming surplus of drivers and conductors and a corresponding shortage of motor-buses; they know that the urgent need will be, not for cabs to enter Hyde Park, but for measures to cope with unemployment consequent upon the displacement of labor. And yet, though they have sent their resolutions to the Congress, not one of them tackles the problem, or asks the trade unionists of the country to tackle it together. If we turn to the other unions, the result is just the same. Even the miners, despite the fact that they have been most alive to the dangers threatening organized labor, have made no attempt to get the position reviewed and discussed. Apart from one resolution with which we shall deal, there is no sign that the most militant section of the workers is in the least concerned about questions that affect more than a very limited circle. Everywhere, in fact, the spirit that prompted the Cabs-in-Hyde-Park resolution is manifest; each union is concerned primarily with its own individual grievances, and there is little evidence of the existence of anything that can be called a Labor Consciousness. Well might the Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee group more than half of the motions under the inclusive heading "Miscellaneous." Think of the Congress solemnly discussing the question of the need for the inspection of private houses in the interests of domestic servants, when the crying need is for the inspection of their own house in the interests of

the whole community! Think of the Congress asking, for about the tenth time, for a Ministry of Labor, when the Minister of Munitions wields over labor the power of an autocrat! Think of the Congress discussing some particular grievance of the clerks, when the whole relation of labor to the State has undergone a revolution! Not one of the miscellaneous resolutions is worth discussing, or even voting upon; that they have reappeared this year only helps to prove how conservative trade union executives are.

It will be asked whether there are no resolutions that are either interesting or worthy of serious attention. There are. In the main, the non-miscellaneous resolutions can be divided into three classes: (1) Internal organization; (2) women's labor; and (3) labor's attitude towards the war, its causes and possible end. If we deal briefly with each of these sections in turn, it will be possible then to suggest one or two subjects which might with advantage be dealt with by the Parliament of Labor.

When the National Union of Railwaymen was formed by the fusion of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the General Railway Workers' Union, and the Pointsmen and Signalmen, the outside public suddenly realized that industrial unionism had arrived. To them this amalgamation simply marked the growing consciousness of the need for meeting centralized capital with centralized and disciplined forces; it signified the beginning of another stage in the struggle of the worker for freedom and responsibility. To those inside the trade union movement, the creation of the N.U.R. foreboded bitter internal quarrels and severe conflicts between craft and industrial unionism. This struggle, which had before been mainly academic, now assumed tremendous importance. The N.U.R., with its object avowedly given as the organization of all workers engaged on or about a railway, at once met with the opposition of the whole of the engineering unions, who claimed the right to organize "shopmen." We do not propose here to enter into the merits of this dispute, and have only mentioned it, because at the Bristol Congress the question will be very much to the fore. Bitterly and angrily Labor will be engaged in discussing the position of the N.U.R. within the movement; bitterly and angrily the delegates will fight for the bodies of the railway engineers; and meantime the Munitions Act will be working, and the forces of capital will be consolidating their power. And when they have disposed of this problem, they will be faced with another just as likely to disrupt as to unite. The Miners have on the agenda a resolution in these words: "That the Joint Board be abolished." To the readers of *THE NATION* this will appear either simple or meaningless. In effect, if it be carried, it will leave the forces of Labor, industrial and political, entirely separate and unco-ordinated, and will compel the movement to attempt the task of building up a really effective central body that will reconcile the claims of the Trade Union Congress, the General Federation of Trade Unions, and the Labor Party. Should such a central body arise as the result of the Miners' action, a revolution in trade union organization will have taken place—a revolution that will affect not only trade unionists, but the whole of the country. With a co-ordination of Labor's forces, with the settlement of the status of an industrial union, and with the linking-up of Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport workers, Labor will have taken the first steps towards fitting itself to meet the difficult situation that will arise with the advent of peace. It will at least be able, if it so desires, to act as an army, rather than as a mob.

The second class of resolutions that have more than a merely parochial interest deal with women's emergency labor. Three unions are anxious that some policy should be laid down, even at this late hour, and the Women's Federation have tabled a comprehensive series of demands. After a preamble demanding that no emergency labor should be allowed to depress the standard of living, and that adequate safeguards should be taken to protect women workers from unfair competition and sweating, the Federation asks that all women taken on during the war should belong to their proper trade unions, that the same rate of pay should be paid to

women as to men when engaged on the same work, and that, when the time comes for this emergency female labor to be displaced, employment shall be found for it. Another union, the Scientific Instrument Makers, asks the Congress to press for the establishment of local committees representing trade unions, employers' associations, and women's organizations, to deal with the problem of displacement in the light of local needs. That these two resolutions will be passed there can be little doubt; but the mere passing of them will be of no earthly use. The problem of emergency labor should be discussed as a whole, and something more than pious resolutions are needed. The discussion, however, will raise the whole question of women's labor, and will thus help to focus attention on one of the most difficult questions that the war has brought to the front.

On the rights or wrongs of the war, the Parliamentary Committee has down a resolution affirming the support of organized labor to the Government in its task of seeing the matter through. This will be passed, but, in all probability, differences of opinion will manifest themselves with regard to the Labor Party and recruiting, and the terms of peace. Two unions, the Furnishing Trades' Association and the Amalgamated Union of Labor have tabled resolutions that show the influence of the Union of Democratic Control, and opposition from Ben Tillett and others is to be expected. The precise tone of the Congress none can foretell, but everything points to a whole-hearted support of the war.

Hitherto, not a word has been said about the question of Labor after the war. The reason for this is very simple. From beginning to end of the agenda there is not a single resolution dealing with the problem. Inevitably one is forced to ask whether Labor has got, or is going to have, any policy on (1) the return of men from the colors; (2) the displacement of workers; (3) the revolution in the relation of skilled and unskilled brought on by the war; (4) the whole question of women's labor, quite apart from its emergency character; (5) the whole question of emergency labor as such; (6) the action to be taken to safeguard standards and prevent rate-cutting; (7) the attitude to be adopted at the end of war towards "war bonuses," and (8) the Munitions Act. Nothing more condemnatory of the trade union movement could be advanced than their failure to deal with these urgent questions, unless it were that resolutions that did attempt to face the facts have been turned down by union executives. Whether it is too late for an urgency resolution remains to be seen. If such a resolution can be pressed at the Congress, it might take the form of an instruction to the Parliamentary Committee to establish an inquiry into what changes have occurred since August, 1914. This inquiry should be empowered to demand from all the affiliated unions a full statement of their present position in relation to the eight problems mentioned above; it should be able to call outside evidence and utilize outside help; it should be given the task of formulating a policy. Then a special congress should be summoned, and Labor would then be able to face the advent of peace with more assurance than it possessed on the outbreak of war. Unless this course be adopted, Labor will be divided, and, through this division, impotent, when the war ends. This Congress should be the preliminary to a real tackling of the problems that the war has created; and all the hardy annuals should for once be relegated to the back-ground. Is it too much to hope that this will be done?

The last point we wish to touch upon is conscription. Despite the trumpeting of the Harmsworth press, and the Jingoism of one or two leaders, the trade unionists of this country are opposed to what is euphemistically called "National Service." They have not forgotten Tonyandy and Liverpool, and they do not believe in the cry "for the war only." They suspect the disinterestedness of those who clamor for military conscription, because it is hard to distinguish between them and the clamorers for industrial regimentation. Moreover, they support the war as a war against militarism in all its forms, and do not see where the victory of "Liberalism" abroad will come in if freedom is taken from the workers

at home. It is a good sign that the Parliamentary Committee has decided to table a resolution against conscription, and it is even a better sign that the great mass of organized labor is dead against it. Miners, cotton operatives, seamen, railwaymen, engineers, and a host of other workers will vote against the militarization of this country, and woe betide the Government that opposes Organized Labor. The Trade Union Congress of 1915, if it accomplishes nothing else, will kill, once and for all, the attempt to stampede the country into military conscription. The workers can be led; they can never be driven.

W. MELLOR.

Letters to the Editor.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—If there is one thing more certain than another it is that the success of the "National Service" Campaign and the Conscriptionists would split the country in twain. Neither the Northcliffe Press nor the organizers of this inopportune propaganda seem to be aware of the opinion of the working classes. Organized labour is against compulsion, and especially against conscription. Trade unions consider that the principle of conscription is bad in itself, that it is undemocratic. Here in Great Britain we have inherited through many centuries the idea of individual liberty. Our institutions, our traditions, the genius of the British people are all opposed to compulsory military service. We have had some slight indication of the peril which lies at the root of compulsion in the Welsh miners' strike. We seem to have won clear, at least of that great danger, although it may crop up again in different form in other parts of the country. Yet at the very moment when unanimity is essential for the conduct of this war a controversy is provoked which will create an impression among our Allies that the country is half-hearted and disunited. The National Service propagandists could render no greater dis-service to the State than to push their campaign on compulsion at a time when those who know the true facts of the military situation tell us that recruits are coming in as fast as we can possibly utilize them. The "Daily Telegraph," in its leader of August 24th, urges the adoption of Lord Derby's advice, namely, that we should support the Coalition Government at this juncture, and refuse to listen to criticisms, which would seem to imply that the Government is mistaken in not adopting compulsory military service. "We are quite willing," says the "Daily Telegraph," to credit with the best of motives many of those who have lent their names to the new campaign. Yet already this agitation has brought up a most mischievous and stormy atmosphere. Those who advocate compulsory military service seem to have no conception of the strength of the old feeling against it. . . . The new campaign has called forth a bitter opposition, and has created a bad atmosphere, which will grow worse instead of better, unless wiser counsels prevail." At all events, it is to be hoped that the advice of a paper which is avowedly in favour of conscription will have more weight than the words of the amateur soldiers who write for the Northcliffe Press.

It would almost seem that the National Service Campaign is something more than a campaign to enable the Allies to win this war. The conclusion is forced upon us that conscription is being justified and supported as an end in itself, and not as a means to an end. The Conscriptionists want a party victory at home rather than a victory for our armies abroad; or, if they do not, what sense is there in attempting to force on the Government a policy which it has declared to be unnecessary, a policy, moreover, which is certain to meet with the strenuous opposition of all workers in this country? Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., speaking for the railway men, voiced, at the same time, the feeling of the great mass of the trade unionists. Of all my friends amongst the working-class leaders, I hardly know of one who is not strongly opposed to conscription, and even the men who are at all

weak on the subject take the view that before they would consent, compulsion must be proved to be necessary beyond the shadow of a doubt. We have no such overwhelming facts and figures. Indeed, the evidence is all the other way. It is impossible to believe that the Prime Minister and Lord Kitchener are worse judges of the situation than the journalists who are committed to this agitation.

The working classes have been rightly suspicious of the National Registration Act. Wherever I have gone I have been asked the question, "Does this mean conscription? If so, what protest can we make?" Amongst thousands of men whose opinions have been sought, hardly a man favored compulsion. One or two thought that the time might come when the Government might feel compelled to take such a step. In that case, they said they would consent to it with the greatest reluctance, but the great mass of the working classes, some 80 per cent. at least, would, failing party influence, and if left to themselves, vote against any such measure. One working man, who expressed the views of a very large number, said it is an attempt on the part of the National Service propagandists to get an army on the cheap—"a bob-a-day army," is how he expressed it; but he went on to add: "If I were fool enough to put my neck under the heel of these people I should never expect to get quit of them again."

The truth is that the people of this country are willing to make any sacrifice that this war entails except the sacrifice of their liberty. They might even be willing to risk that if it could be shown that the voluntary system had failed, but they are not going to run any risk of handing themselves over body and soul to the militarists at home when such a step would do nothing whatever to destroy the power of militarism on the Continent. I think it is almost impossible to exaggerate the danger of internal quarrels and class strife in this country if the National Service campaign is successful. How can one stand up before an audience of trade unionists and tell them that the voluntary system has broken down, when all the evidence that we have goes to show that in the field or in training there are over 3,000,000 of men, a number that would have amply fulfilled the desires of any conscriptionist when the war began?

I understand that the Trade Union Congress will have before it a very strongly-worded resolution, based on what has already been accomplished by the voluntary system. It is the business of the conscriptionist to show, if he can, that recruits are coming in so slowly that wastage in the field cannot be met. He ought also to show, if he wishes to justify his position, that he has no difficulty in arming the men who are already available, and that he can supply a sufficient number of well-trained officers. My own experience goes to prove that when we have seen the results of the "pink form" supplied by the National Registration Act, we shall be more than satisfied with the results that have been achieved. In fact, the danger is that we are sending too many workers out of the country: more important than numbers at the moment are munitions and equipment, and more important than both is finance. We cannot possibly finance both ourselves and our Allies if we are to compel every worker to lay down his tools and take up arms. The drop in exports is bad enough in all conscience, without its being intensified by this attack upon industry, which is the indirect result of the National Service activities.

There is one other point that ought not to be forgotten. While a volunteer may not be so much better than a pressed man, as we have been inclined to think, there is no doubt that he is better. All the military experts agree in the superiority, man for man, of the British troops over the German. This superiority expresses itself in many ways, but most of all in a certain capability of endurance, a pertinacity and a courage which derive from the fact that these men have chosen for themselves, and of their own free will are facing discomfort, wounds, and even death for the sake of their country. Once introduce conscription, and it is no longer their own country in the same sense. I have no fear, however, that they or their fellow-workmen who still remain at home will consent to this unscrupulous attack on their liberties.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY ALDEN.

August 24th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Northcliffe's newspapers, with their unanimous air of ecumenical wisdom, have been declaring for several weeks that we must have what they call "National Service." The demand is not new—the same papers started it a year ago; but they have quite recently become much more insistent. In both cases the argument is the same: we cannot win the war without conscription (or National Service or compulsory training, or any other name you like to give it), because the voluntary system cannot provide us with a large enough number of men. This argument is not confined to the Northcliffe Press alone. It is to be found in kindred daily, weekly, and monthly publications, which have been endeavoring since August last to shatter our national ideals and to establish Prussianism in their stead.

It happens to be part of my business, as a journalist who writes on foreign affairs and international finance, to keep in touch with the views of foreign governments, and with those, in particular, now co-operating with us in the attempt to get rid finally of the military and administrative methods which so many irresponsible journalists, peers, bishops, and wealthy maiden ladies wish to thrust upon this country. And I can say that, for many months past, those foreign statesmen and diplomatists who have a right to express an opinion have considered the problem of men as solved. Our own contribution of soldiers surprised the whole world. By calling up our Regular Army and the Territorials, and drafting home regiments from our overseas possessions, we had a million men under arms within a few weeks of the outbreak of war. Recruiting at once began for the Territorial Forces and for the "New" Armies, and, as Mr. Lloyd George himself announced in the House of Commons on May 4th, four million men were gradually withdrawn from their customary occupations—two million joining the Army and two million giving their undivided attention to the production of munitions of war.

This fact, which has been entirely lost sight of by the Conscriptionists, has been engaging the minds of those responsible for the conduct of the war ever since the beginning of the year. I refer not only to our own Government, but to foreign Governments as well. The reason, which ought to be known to everybody, is unfortunately realized by only a very small number of people even now. From the outset of the campaign, England—I do not say the British Empire, but simply England—became responsible, in fact if not in theory, for the finance of the war. It is true that France was able to raise money and that Russia floated a loan. This was not enough. Apart from the money which this country lent to France and Russia—not to mention Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, and Italy—our two great Allies had to purchase vast quantities of supplies from abroad, chiefly from the United States and South America. It was we, however, who had to guarantee a large proportion of the payments for the supplies thus bought.

It ought not to be necessary to say—though conscriptionist papers do not seem to be aware of the fact—that the lending of money on a large scale means simply the transferring of credit from one person or state to another. We "lent" Roumania the sum of £5,000,000 by opening credits for the Roumanian State in this country, as was intimated at the time the loan was announced; we did not put our hands in our pockets and take out five millions in gold. Similarly, we ourselves raised credits, and helped our Allies to raise credits, in the United States. But, if no formal loan is secured, with customary arrangements for the payment of interest, our foreign credits must be discharged by payments in the form of commodities; and it is precisely in this respect that we have fallen behind. Our exports, particularly our exports to the United States, have not kept pace with our imports. Financial critics have estimated—see various recent issues of such technical organs as the "Economist," the "Statist," the "Wall Street Journal," or the "New York Journal of Commerce"—that the excess of imports into Great Britain over exports during the first twelve months of the war amounted in value to £340,000,000—and this without taking into consideration the importation of war material by the Government.

We cannot, of course, pay such a sum as this in gold. It might be found possible to float a loan in New York

through the medium of Anglo-American bankers there, provided that the United States authorities did not object. Negotiations, indeed, have already been entered into towards this end. But the amount mentioned is only a hundred millions sterling—less than one-third of what we owe abroad. And in a few weeks we shall be buying heavily in the United States when we come to demand our share of the new wheat and cotton crops. What, then, even if we do manage to arrange for a relatively small loan? The exchange rate is against us already to the extent of nearly 4 per cent. It stands against France at the same figure; and against Italy at 11 per cent. For quite unusual reasons—the closing of the Dardanelles and the complete stoppage of Russian trade through the Baltic—the exchange rate is against Russia to the extent of 29 per cent.

Now, one point is to be particularly noted. The very few writers in the Conscriptor Press who have referred to this matter at all—and their remarks are to be found buried away, as a rule, on the dull "City" pages which the general public never reads—have no remedy to propose. They content themselves with vague demands that the Government shall "take steps," or "adopt adequate measures," or—at the most—"raise a loan." They never tell us that a loan would be ineffective, that it would be useless for the Government here to urge upon the Bank of England the need of raising the Bank rate; and that, in short, there is only one way of paying our debts—our debts and those of our Allies. That way is this: we must, as far as we can, increase our production to its normal level.

From Mr. Lloyd George's remarks on May 4th it was clear that the subject was under discussion then; for he pointed out that we could help our Allies in three ways: by our Navy, by raising an Army ourselves, and by supplying them with money and munitions. Only, he distinctly explained, if we supplied them with money and munitions (i.e., if we guaranteed their credit and produced commodities for them) we could not be expected to raise a very large Army. Even at that time, as he told the House of Commons, recruiting had reached a point where it had begun to interfere with production. The alternative was to check, if not altogether to stop, recruiting, to increase our productive capacity, and to be prepared to provide money for smaller neutral nations which, as was known, would eventually desire to enter the war on our side. This has always been our traditional policy in big European wars.

It may be imagined, then, what were the feelings of responsible statesmen, who were considering the campaign from the economic point of view, when the conscriptionist agitation began. The immediate consequence was a feeling of uneasiness which could not, of course, be acknowledged, but which, nevertheless, existed and still persists. The authorities in all the countries concerned know well enough that, even if conscription were introduced in this country next week, we dare not remove another man from our chief industries—engineering, shipbuilding, mining, textiles, railways, and shipping—and that the number of men who could be obtained from other trades would be far too small to justify such a revolutionary measure. There is a dearth of labour, in fact, in nearly every trade; and we want more production, not less.—Yours, &c.,

CONSERVATIVE.

August 25th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I thank you for your "Case Against Conscription." May it straighten the path of politicians who find the light of their principles grows feeble in stormy weather.

For obvious national reasons I deplore that the question should need discussion at all. Since, however, discussion is forced upon us, I would ask for information on simple, practical questions, to help in the understanding of the conscriptionist case.

(a) Who and where are the alleged slackers? Among my own acquaintances—am I strangely privileged?—there is not a single man of military age who is not doing more than his normal share of work. Some of them are in doubt whether they can perform better service to the State as civilian workers or as soldiers. If the Government, instead of expending time on a National Register, had used statistics already available to decide what industries should be asked

to supply more men to the Army, it would by now have been possible to give such doubters intelligent advice. Meanwhile, there is no evidence whatever that men of that stamp need compulsion.

(b) In what way is it proposed to draft conscripts into the existing armies? Are they to be taken into regiments hitherto raised from volunteers, or are they to constitute separate regiments? Is either scheme welcome to military authorities as likely to produce homogeneity?

(c) What do conscriptionists propose to do in the matter of Quakers, International Socialists, and other conscientious objectors—a small but important body of people who would choose to be shot rather than take part in warfare? Do they think good fighters are to be made from people who feel it to be a "disgusting cruelty to employ unwilling and unconvinced soldiers," and who write like this:—"There are a great many people, and the number increases daily, who do not believe that wars of this sort can be turned to good account. For the conviction is growing that this war in no wise differs from other wars; that it is waged by the governing classes of Europe for the things about which governing classes care; that the issue at stake is merely whether this or that faction is to enjoy the greater power and prestige. A good many people are beginning to surmise that the things for which they care, e.g., intellectual liberty, moral liberty, economic equality, will be as far off as ever at the end of the war, no matter who wins it. . . . Of course, they may be wrong; but they are many, and their numbers steadily increase. For them the war raises no issue of moment; and for the governing class to compel them to kill or die for ideals which are not theirs but its own would be an act of outrageous wickedness." Will men of that kind really maintain the fighting quality of our forces in the trenches?

The above extract, by the way, illustrates the evils of conscriptionist propaganda in stirring up class antagonism. All men see that conscription is being run by the class which always hopes to gain by "disciplining" the masses, and which has cause for alarm at the prospect of a lightly-governed working class, habituated by a long war to socialistic administration and to the high taxation of the rich. Is it in anyone's interest that the limelight should just now be turned on to this scene, as will certainly happen if the controversy widens?—Yours, &c.,

R. D. DENMAN.

National Liberal Club, S.W.

August 25th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I thank you for your admirable article under the heading "Conscription on the Cheap"? In the title you hit the nail on the head. The vicarious patriots (many of whom are making huge profits out of the war) want their fighting done for them, and they want it done cheap. I see the "Daily Mail" comes out to-day with a flaming poster, "No Cheap Soldiers." This is sheer hypocrisy. What the "Daily Mail" wants, and what its supporters throughout the country want, and what I, for one, continually hear them say that they want, is a huge army of conscripts, paid at the rate of three-ha'pence a day. The "Daily Mail's" fellow-(though rival) conscriptionist newspaper, the "Daily Express," has lately got up a disgraceful agitation against the "Labour Leader." It shouts "Pro-German," but what it means is "Pro-Labour." The real offence is that it states the case for Labour against its exploiters in such an unanswerable way. It says, for instance, "You say the miners ought to work incredibly long hours in their country's cause; very good; but, at the same time, do you think the mine-owners ought to make 'incredibly large profits' out of their ill-paid toil and our country's bitter need?" The "Daily Express" has no answer, so it shouts, "Pro-German rag: suppress it." It is concerned for the sweaters, not for England.

Can you not give us some more Will Dyson cartoons? Mr. Dyson can deal with these newspapers and their agitations better than anyone else.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. GALES.

Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach.

August 23rd, 1915.

PRESS CONTROL IN WAR TIME.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You will allow, perhaps, a Russian friend as well to express an opinion in the columns of your esteemed journal on this important question, in which all the allied countries are equally interested.

It seems to me that the author of the articles on "Press Control in War Time" has taken a rather one-sided view of the question. While he strikingly illustrated the dangers involved in an incautious or tactless use of unrestricted liberty of the press, the author has left altogether in the shade the injurious consequences that must also result from the errors or tactless exercise of an uncontrolled censorship.

It will hardly be asserted by anybody that the censorship is infallible in its judgments. It is true that its task is rendered comparatively easy by having at its disposal a ready-made, simple, and universal remedy that consists in a mark of silence. But does that simple remedy fit in with the complexity of the events that are unfolding themselves before us?

There are, of course, a good many people for whom silence is the very acme of *tactfulness*; but there are also others who are capable of more complex manifestations of thought and feeling. The censorship is in entire sympathy with the former, but what about the latter?

To defend the weak is certainly a good work, but it is wrong to turn weakness into the law of life.

Indeed, something of that kind was attempted in Russia, but its realization has proved a fatal mistake, with the result that in the end the Government has had to make such sweeping concessions with regard to the censorship as nobody would have ever demanded at the outset. The Russian censored periodicals thus now publish articles which would hardly be allowed to appear in free England.

Altogether a deep transformation is now taking place in Russia, which is pregnant with great political consequences, while the English press does not seem to have the slightest notion about it. The censorship has evidently placed on it the seal of silence. This denotes, perhaps, on the part of the censorship a touching mark of *attention* to Russia, but in what position does it place English public opinion, from whose horizon there thus disappears a goodly portion of the current historical events?

Probably the censorship does not consider the matter to be essential, but does it not make a mistake?

The main question is whether the information and the inspiration of public opinion could be left entirely to the discretionary power of the censorship. If that be the case, one should demand that its very organization be raised to a corresponding level, since its mission thus becomes most elevated and extremely responsible, especially at such a critical time as the one through which we are now living.—Yours, &c.,

A RUSSIAN.

August 26th, 1915.

[We entirely agree with this side of the criticism of the Press Censorship.—ED., *THE NATION*.]

"THE MIRACLE OF MONS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I correct your account of my little story, "The Bowmen"? In your issue of August 14th you say that I wrote a little tale in which I "described how a soldier in the trenches saw a persistent picture of St. George in his mind's eye, thought of the appropriate motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius*, and was presently aware that a ghostly legion of old English archers were shooting down the Germans by tens of thousands."

This is not quite an accurate summary of the tale. The soldier did not say anything about having a persistent picture of St. George in his mind's eye. The text runs:—

"And then he remembered—he says he cannot think why or wherefore—a queer vegetarian restaurant in London. . . . On all the plates in this restaurant there was printed a figure of St. George in blue, with the motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius*."

The odd thing about my soldier, as distinguished from the soldiers of other legends, is this: he did not profess to have seen the Saint or anyone like him; but only the Bowmen.

I should hesitate, by the way, to accept your *obiter dictum*, "Visions are essentially collective phenomena." I should be disposed to say, on the contrary, that the collective vision is rather the exception than the rule.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR MACHEN.

Penally, Pembrokeshire. August 16th, 1915.

WANTED, A PATRIOT PUBLISHER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With reference to your correspondent's statement, may we, as publishers of "Cassell's National Library," utter our protest against the premature burial of what the press have already been good enough to call "the cheapest set of reprints on the market"?

"Cassell's National Library," of which 214 volumes were first published (under the editorship of Professor Henry Morley) during the years 1886-1890, is still very much alive, and orders for the volumes have come from all quarters of the globe in such quantities that up to date over 7,000,000 copies have been sold.

Certainly we do not find a large demand for the volumes which may be regarded as the "caviare" of literature, but there is a steady call for the volumes which may be found enumerated in the current list enclosed.—Yours, &c.,

CASSELL & Co., LTD.

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

August 24th, 1915.

NARES' GLOSSARY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—*THE NATION*, August 14th, 1915. "The World of Books." Re "the first and solitary edition" of Nares' Glossary. An edition was published in 1859, in two volumes, with additions by J. O. Halliwell and T. Wright; a copy is in this library.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES HUTT (Librarian).

Liverpool Library, Lyceum,
Bold Street, Liverpool.

August 19th, 1915.

Poetry.

JESUS.

JESUS, we knew Thee once: Peasant, and Seer,
Mystic long-brooding on the Northern fells,
The Lover of the lost, the Martyr, dear
Where loyal sorrow dwells.

We called rough places smooth; when hills arose
In Thy strange words, we made them gentle plains;
In friendly bonds we saved Thee from Thy foes,
But Thou didst break the chains.

Jesus, we knew Thee once; but who is this?
This Knight, who spurs His steed with panting breath
Into the lists, where hidden from all eyes
He fights alone with Death.

Who is this King, red with his garments dyed?
What is the battle He has fought alone?
Tell us Thy secret, Warrior Crucified,
Jesus, Thou God Unknown!

EDWARD SHILLITO.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Modern Austria: Her Racial and Social Problems." By Virginio Gayda. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Medieval Italy (308—1313)." By H. B. Cotterill. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Labour in War Time." By G. D. H. Cole. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "A Woman's Experience in the Great War." By Louise Marks. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Tod Sloan." By Himself. (Richards. 15s. net.)
 "The Mountains of the Moon." By J. D. Beresford. (Cassell. 6s.)

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THERE is a certain ingenious scholar known to me (so far as my awe will allow me to approach him) who, when a new author is recommended to him (say Dr. Porteus or Thomas Duck!) will obtain the complete works of that author, open him at page 1, vol. 1, and, with a serene but none the less terrible deliberation, devour him whole, as the boa-constrictor devoured the ass—or was it goat?—of the Swiss Family, Robinson. Such a method is, perhaps, too bright and good for most of us mortals, whose span is barely threescore years and ten. It is, at any rate, radically opposed to the principle of the anthology. The anthology gives us, not the stamp and superscription of the man, but the form and pressure of the age. It is an impressionist idea, and the shortest cut to a general culture. And by so saying, I do not mean to disparage it.

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ONE beneficent result of the war is a check to the reproductive activities of the ephemeral magazine type of literature. There is definite evidence that people are taking more kindly to the cheap editions of the English classics. Judging from that, this should be a good time for the anthology. And the English have always been partial to anthologies, partly for sound reasons, partly because they are too intellectually lazy to get their goods through other than emporium channels. I have just received, for instance, an excellent miscellany—"Poems of To-Day" (Sidgwick & Jackson)—a heterogeneous selection which strides from Meredith, Arthur Symonds, Lionel Johnson, Stevenson, Francis Thompson, and John Davidson through Mrs. Meynell, Mr. W. B. Yeats, James Flecker, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. Sturge Moore, and "A. E." to Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. De La Mare, Rupert Brooke, and others of the modernists. I do not think its judgment is unimpeachable, but inasmuch as its poets are as varied and the selections from their works not the most hackneyed, very useful to students who are anxious to get a bird's-eye view of the standards, workmanship, and orientation of post-Victorian poetry.

* * *

IF I were to attempt to enumerate the anthologies published in England during the last thirty years I should occupy the entire space of this week's NATION. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" has been, in that respect, the Biblical mustard-seed. The "Oxford Book of English Verse" and the "Oxford Book of French Verse" (admirably arranged by Mr. St. John Lucas) have been the most comprehensive selections ever issued in England. And the Georgian and Victorian books of verse, though their definition of what is poetry is—shall we say, catholic?—have their respective periods very well in hand. Between 1910 and 1914 Mr. G. D. H. Cole and Sir Walter Raleigh have edited two agreeable collections of Oxford undergraduate and graduate poetry, which have more poetry than Oxford about them. Miss Tillyard, with better material, has done the same for Cambridge (1900-1913). Excluding "The Golden Treasury," perhaps the most interesting venture of the middle nineteenth century was the Latin poems attributed to Walter Mapes, the friend of Giraldus Cambrensis and Archdeacon of Oxford in the reign of Henry II. They appear in manuscript under the name of "Goliard," from the French "Gouliardise," meaning "pleasantry." The "Goliardies" were the minstrels who followed the courts of princes and great barons and enter-

tained their guests with ribald *fabliaux*. One remembers the Miller in Chaucer: "He was a jangler and a goliardeis." They are exactly the same kind of thing as the Latin student songs translated and collected by John Addington Symonds, and it is extremely improbable that Mapes did other than edit them. They were issued in a beautiful edition by the Camden Society in 1841.

* * *

THE polite competence of the eighteenth century thoroughly equipped itself with anthologies. Perhaps the best of them was Dryden's "Miscellany," issued by that prince of publishers, Jacob Tonson, in the early years of the century. It is in six volumes, and besides a quantity of Dryden's own works, contain pieces by Pope, Phillips, Wycherley, Garth, Nicholas Rowe, Davenant, Waller, Lord Buckhurst, Congreve, the Duke of Buckingham, Otway, Addison, Nahum Tate, Donne, Mrs. Behn, Shadwell, Prior, and the lesser constellations of the late seventeenth century. The next best is certainly John Dodsley's "Collection of Poems by General Hands," also in six volumes. A large number of the poems are anonymous, but it is invaluable as a granary of the Augustans and of that semi-original, semi-conventional school of naturalists which I will call the "Quietists"—Grey, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Dyer, Cowper, Warton, and Thomson. Pearce's "Collection of Poems by General Hands," in four volumes, printed later in the century, was inspired by Dodsley's enterprise. It by no means overlaps Dodsley, and besides poems by Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Murphy, and so on, is the best miscellany for those minor versifiers of the middle eighteenth century, who are not very accessible to the reader. A curious thing about Pearce's selection is that it not only includes Marlowe's famous "Come, live with me and be my love," and Sir Walter Raleigh's reply to it, but nearly the whole of Collins's works in succession; which would indicate that Collins, one of the few genuine lyric poets of the age, was not so ill-appreciated by his contemporaries as is supposed. David Lewis's "Miscellaneous Poems," printed, I think, in 1730, is also largely anonymous, and is noteworthy for containing numerous eighteenth-century translations from the classics—a favorite exercise. Lastly, I may mention an excellent little pocket anthology, "The Muse's Mirror," in two volumes, printed in the 'seventies or 'eighties, with a very representative collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century poets. Elizabethan miscellanies are, of course, much rarer. There is Totell's famous "Miscellany," which introduced Surrey and Wyatt and a new temper, a new versification, and a new refinement into literature. And "England's Parnassus," a charming collection, reissued a few years ago, is an exceptional example, displaying the poets in a corner with the cap of repentance and morality on their heads.

* * *

BUT anthologies are not confined to poetry. For instance, I have just received an American book, called "Writing of To-day." It is actually a collection of descriptive and narrative articles, personal sketches, and interviews, humorous and occasional articles, and literary and art criticism which have appeared since the twentieth century in ——— periodicals. I quote from one of these essays which have been preserved for the edification of posterity. It is the opening sentence of "The Miracle of the Movie":—"A canny citizen, annoyed by prate of the fame and majesty of the law, remarked once that if they'd only let him make the songs of the people he should worry, or words to that effect."

* * *

THE perusal of this ingenuous work leads me on to another consideration. It is merely arbitrary to assume that an anthology means a collection of the *best* works of the period selected. An anthology is representative; it, therefore, should also include the *worst*. I have a friend, one of whose hobbies is to devote a shelf to the worst poems (by which I mean the most extravagantly, the most sumptuously, the most uncompromisingly bad poems) which he can amass. The shelf is large and well filled. I suggest to him, therefore, that he should make an anthology out of the most engagingly vile, and publish them by the method of subscription.

Reviews.

"ASTREA REDUX."

"The Works of Aphra Behn." Edited by MONTAGUE SUMMERS. (Bullen & Heinemann. £3 3s. net.)

THE impartial critic may well be dissatisfied with the condition of contemporary literature; in the creative field, he will discover mushroom reputations and unstable popularities vanished with last winter's snows; in other fields, he will discover that a commercial journalism has circumscribed the judgment, unity, and fearless independence of criticism. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that a small and meagrely-supported company of scholars should, within the last twenty or thirty years, have done more than any previous generation to sift the values of our past literature, check the extravagant appreciations of current opinion in some cases, and rescue the victims of an undeserved oblivion in others. Within the last few years alone this devoted band has ferreted Nash, Chapman, Drummond of Hawthornden, Buckingham, Traherne, Vaughan, Greene, Joseph Beaumont, Gabriel Harvey, Deloney, the author of "Jack of Newberry," Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others out from the dustbins of fame, equipped them with a full panoply of textual emendation, notes, bibliography, and so on, and clothed them in editions not unworthy their original quartos and folios.

And now, under the auspices of Mr. A. H. Bullen, the best of these good Samaritans, the complete works of Aphra or Aphara or Ayfara Behn are accessible to the public. The case of "Astrea" is, perhaps, the most interesting of all these resurrections. While her works have been since the eighteenth century practically unread, the rankest crop of legends has grown round her grave. Nearly all our decorous encyclopædias repeat the fable that during the tenure of her office as a political agent in Holland she warned the Government in vain against the raid of the Dutch fleet on the Thames, engineered by De Witt and De Ruyter. They reiterate the discredited story that she was the daughter of a barber named Johnson, instead of being, as she was, the child of a highly respectable colonial official. Thanks to "The Life of Mrs. Behn, Written by One of the Fair Sex," published in 1696, the accounts of her adventures in the West Indies handed down to us have been a harlequinade of unreality. But it was her reputed immorality that has made of her a bogey even to this day. Miss Julia Kavanagh, in her "English Women of Letters" (1863), cannot write of her without disgust. Her mind "was tainted to the very core." "Grossness was congenial to her"; "her indelicacy was . . . the superfluous addition of a corrupt mind and vitiated taste." All the Restoration dramatists have been subjected severally to this indictment, and it would not be necessary to re-examine it were it not that it bears, in two important particulars, upon the issue of Mrs. Behn's artistic purpose and expression. In the first place, it has achieved the distinction of actually driving her out of English literature; in the second place, it throws an unintentional light upon her position as poetess, novelist, and dramatist.

"Astrea," it must be remembered, was not only the first woman who could write like a man, but to earn her living by her pen. She had to combat, therefore, the traditional prejudices against her sex as well as the traditional disabilities of the writer whose address was Grub Street. And when she first abandoned a political for an artistic career, she was not only without resources, but, thanks to the niggardly evasion of her employers—Lord Arlington and his cabal—had been recently imprisoned for debt. As a result, in fact, of her circumstances, "Astrea" took over wholesale the machinery and conventions of the Restoration dramatists. A few of her plays are tragedies; more of them tragi-comedies after the bastard Fletcher-Davenant precedence, and the considerable majority comedies of intrigue, some of them with a political and anti-Puritan seasoning. The most famous tragedy, for instance, "Abdelazar; or the Moor's Revenge," is a seventeenth-

century interpretation and adaptation of an accepted exotic theme derived primarily from Kyd's "The Spanish Tragedie" and the pseudo-Shakespearean "Titus Andronicus," and more directly from the anonymous "Lust's Dominion." It is the kind of play which subordinates the motive to the deed; so the deed be purple enough, any motive may be trumped up to fit it. The tragi-comedies, when they do not follow the spurious Fletcher-Davenant manner, owe their origin either to Middleton and Massinger or to the Italian and Spanish *novella*. But it is the comedies which absorb the most active part of her personality. Like nearly all the Restoration plays, they are drawn almost exclusively from a single theme; it is not the motive that varies, but its method of application. Nor are the characters differentiated either from each other or according to the variegated pattern of actual life. Willmore, the amorous roysterer in "The Rover," is blood-brother to Gayman in "The Lucky Chance," Bellmour in "The Town Fop," or Sir Timothy Tawdrey, to Wittmore in "Sir Patient Fancy," and to all the needy adventurers who throng her pages. The dupes, coxcombs, and pretenders on whom she lavishes all the resources of her exuberant invention are as close a fraternity. Sir Patient Fancy himself, the uxorious dotard, Lady Knowell, the affected pedant (a blending of Philaminte and Belise in "Les Femmes Savantes") in the same play, Sir Signal Buffoon in "The Feign'd Courtizans," Sir Cautious Fullbank, and Sir Feeble Fainwou'd in "The Lucky Chance," and Sir Timothy Tawdrey in "The Town Fop"—avarice, incompetence, frivolity, imitative modishness, and pomposity are their common attributes. All the comedies, in fact, are a spangled procession of fools, coxcombs, gallants, rufflers, braggarts, intriguers, quacks, fops, adventurers, women of "quality" and of easy virtue, amorists, and valetudinarians. They conform not to life, but to type. They never for a single moment masquerade otherwise than as abstractions and personifications. The plots, episodes, environment, and action of the plays are as remote from probability. The "happy endings" are grotesque; the psychology, motives, relationship, and destinies of the characters wildly out of focus with reality.

Surely, then, it should be these considerations that might ostracize "Astrea" from the citizenship of literature. Yes, very well, if we look at her comedies as an approximation to life. But Mrs. Behn will never be appreciated at her proper and brilliant value, unless we look at her work from precisely the opposite point of view—as a peculiarly lively and ingenious achievement within the strict boundaries of artificial comedy. In that area, and in that alone, is her contribution to literature. Provided that we examine her comedy, not as a reflection or a criticism or a metaphysic of life, but as a pattern, a mosaic, an elaborate arabesque, as it deserves, and as she meant it to be so regarded, the constituents of her dramas fall into their appropriate place. That her characters are no more than sandwich-men and women is true; the point is—do they contribute to the artistic harmony of the design?—and, inasmuch as they are the springs of action to the intricate manoeuvres and strategies on the evolution of which her comedies consciously depend, they emphatically do. Her plays are purely and simply comedies of farcical situation. And within this province none of her contemporaries can rival her but Congreve. She was a most prolific writer, and each play bristles with one complication hingeing upon another. To further her purpose, she exploits to the utmost all the "business" of asides, mistaken identity, cross-purposes, entanglements, deception, drolleries, knaveries, and trickeries that she can glean from her abundant fancy. Her ingenuity in contriving these situations and her skill in conducting them are so extraordinary that they give the reader that kind of rarefied pleasure associated with the study of pure form. France was the foster-mother of the Restoration drama, and Astrea's artifices have an altogether Gallic lucidity and precision, and her dialogue a Gallic vivacity. Indeed, her power of technical construction would lose something of its effectiveness, were it not for the point and crispness of the dialogue. She is mistress of a wit that crackles and throws out sparks like the burning resin of timber; and in her dialogue, as in the structure and fabric of her plays, she is governed by four paramount canons of

workmanship—a rigorous sense of form, a sharp and concrete expression, a comic ingenuity that is never stale, and a superb vitality. Her great fault is hastiness of execution, which we may very well lay to the account of the importunate printer's devil.

The definition of artificial comedy also covers the charge of impropriety more adequately, indeed, than it covers the licence of her fellow dramatists. Wycherley is the worst offender of these. But, scanning Wycherley less superficially, is it not his brutality, his inhumanity, rather than a coarseness of mere expression that repels us? And Mrs. Behn's frank, kindly, and generous temper, implicit in all her work, absolves her from that. Mr. Summers, indeed, in his admirable introduction, defends her candour, and compares it favorably with the insidious innuendo and suggestiveness of more modern days.

A word as to her verse and novels. Much of the former is fluent translation—*Lycidus* from the Abbé Tallemant's fragile "*Une Voyage de l'Isle d'Amour*" (1688), full of tropes, figures, conceits, and all the soft conventions. "*Of Trees*," from Cowley's "*Sex Libri Plantarum*" (1688); and "*The Watch*," from de Bonnecorse's semi-hortatory, semi-playful, and all saccharine "*La Montre*," in the fashionable combination of verse and epistles. Her "*Miscellany*" and "*Poems on General Occasions*" have a certain renaissance sweetness without its spontaneity, and are well charged with the Fiery Darts, Amorous Fire, Glimmering Tapers, Languishment, and Watteauesque Swains which were the furniture of all the versifiers of the period. Many of her novels are rather arguments, synopses, and rough drafts of potential comedies than legitimate fiction. "*The Court of the King of Bantam*" is a particularly successful exercise in extravaganza. But her triumphs are "*The Fair Jilt*" and "*Oroonoko*." The former has none of that casual merrymaking which marks the comedies. It is, as Mr. Summers points out, like a *Bandello* or even Boccaccio *novella* of the most tragic type. The portrait of Miranda's corrupt and terrible passion is of an intensity so poignant and universal that she is the one figure in Mrs. Behn's pages to throw off her cerements and become a living individual. And "*Oroonoko*" is her masterpiece. It is, as Mr. Summers says, "the first emancipation novel" in English literature, and its genuine pity and indignation for the lot of the plantation slave has produced a line of illustrious descendants. Southern's fine tragedy was founded on it, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, Chateaubriand, and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre owe much to its force and simplicity.

It says more than any praise for Messrs. Bullen and Summer's enterprise that this is the first collected edition of Aphra Behn's work. And its taste and dignity are such as to keep green in these commercial days the choicest ideals of printing and format in the past.

THE TOWNS OF THE FUTURE.

"Town-Planning." By G. CADBURY, JUNR. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE name of Cadbury will always rank high in the history of English town-planning, on account of the successful and far-reaching example set early at Bournville; but the younger Mr. George Cadbury has been prominent in some of the latest developments of the art, as a member of the Birmingham City Council's town-planning committee. Greater Birmingham is one of the few English cities which is endeavoring to make a really extensive use of Mr. Burns's Town-Planning Act. Indeed, it is one of the few where such an endeavor is possible. The enlargement of the city boundaries in 1911 (from 13,477 acres to 43,537 acres) placed a single municipal body in control of a sufficient area of urban development for it to become an efficient town-planning authority. It is the lack of such an authority (which Mr. Burns's Act did nothing to remedy) that has been the primary obstacle to efficient town-planning elsewhere.

The general arguments for town-planning are well summarized by Mr. Cadbury at the outset. They are unanswerable, and Parliament may be taken to have admitted

them. Whether it is the efficiency of business that you care most about, or the health and happiness of the people, or the intangible but priceless assets of beauty, dignity, and amenity, a planned city can provide for all of these with a thoroughness that no unplanned city can. No mistakes cost more to rectify after the event than those which have been allowed to embody themselves in bricks and mortar. All this is increasingly realized; yet the way of the town-planner in England remains hard. Even where, as at Birmingham, an adequate authority exists, it is handicapped by the inadequate law. The Act of 1909 contained, for instance, no provision to enable municipalities to buy and hold land for unspecified purposes; though the experience of Germany had shown a policy of free land-municipalization to be an almost indispensable aid to the town-planner. The regulations passed under it by the Local Government Board are deterrent in effect, and were perhaps so in intention. The municipality has to incur a large proportion of the cost at the initial stage, before it gets leave to prepare a scheme at all. The absence of any land register showing at a glance what are the freehold titles and what the interests depending on them, increases enormously the trouble and expense of serving notices on the parties affected. So serious is this last factor, that it is cheaper to plan a very large area indeed, where there are only one or two owners, than to deal with quite small patches, where there are, say, forty or fifty.

Until Parliament turns its attention to the subject again, until it stops the Local Government-Board officials from discouraging town-planning, and until it gives the municipalities, perhaps, a little money stimulus, or at least some money indemnity, there will be no town-planning in England outside a few fortunate areas. Nevertheless, the experience of those areas will be exceedingly important, both as an incentive and a guide. Town-planning is not a plain problem, whose solution has been discovered once for all, and only needs to be enforced on the world. It is a complicated and ever-developing art, which calls for the combination of practical business faculties with that systematic study which British business men often affect to despise. A great amount of experience has been accumulated in Germany, and more than is always realized in the United States, which it is sheer waste to ignore. As soon as we get into details—the width of our roads, the size and number of our open spaces, or the relation between industrial and residential areas—we may often obtain from it the most valuable guidance on what to do and what not to do. The problem is quite different from that of tinkering at an existing ill-built town, as nearly any example will show. Open spaces, for instance, in the latter are sure to be too few anyhow. You have not to ask what is their ideal number or size, but to thank heaven for any you can get. But when you are laying out a new town or a new quarter, the questions of ideal number, size, and distribution become urgent. What you have to remember in all such cases is, that you want amenities, but that most amenities increase cost, and therefore rents. Your business is to create the best possible town in which ordinary people can afford to live. The due balancing of these two factors, cost and amenity; the rigorous keeping down of costs which are not worth incurring; the determining as between different amenities which is the most vital—these are the branches of the town-planning art, in which previous experience, properly digested and analyzed, is most indispensable. The purely artistic questions—whether, for instance, you are to aim at straight avenues or crooked—are to a greater extent matters on which the individual experience of the advising architects, the local tradition of the town, or the local propensities of the site, may be left to supply the decision.

As a good example of an amenity not justifying its expense, take the question of width of roads. For a long time German practice went in pretty indiscriminately for wide roads. So do English model by-laws. In both cases there was a confusion between two quite distinct things—width between opposite house-fronts, and area of actual pavement or macadam. The former will hardly be overdone; the latter constantly is. You cannot insist too strongly on space for light and air, and it costs the cost of land only. But it is utterly senseless to provide a vast acreage of made-up road, whose construction and upkeep are the biggest

item in the cost of housing except the cost of building the houses themselves. Main thoroughfares for traffic must be wide perforce; but no others should be. No merely residential roads should have an actual roadway more than just wide enough to let two carts pass; and short roads of this character should be only one cart's width. The universal forty-foot and even fifty-foot roads of our model by-laws simply send up the cost of housing without any corresponding benefit. How much better to have a seventy-foot interval between opposite house-fronts, twenty feet of road and pavements and twenty-five feet of garden on each side! Yet it is surprising with what tenacity local authorities, encouraged by the Local Government Board, will cling to by-laws which prescribe over-wide roads and allow over-narrow intervals between house-fronts, and thereby thwart all practical efforts at "garden" planning. One reason in the case of many residential suburban authorities is that they want nothing less than to bring model housing within workmen's means, their main object in adopting stiff by-laws having been to exclude working-class residents.

Mr. Cadbury has a good chapter on roads, though we do not much care for his section of a 100-ft. road on p. 63; it seems an excess of perversity to plan this very wide road so that vehicles cannot draw up to the kerb on either side. He has also a particularly good chapter on gardens and allotments, in which many very useful hints are given from experience at Bournville. Here is one piece of drastic wisdom which Birmingham has adopted:—

"In the Birmingham Town Planning schemes a clause is inserted to give the Corporation power to come in and tidy up a neglected garden. This is very necessary, as a neglected garden not only depreciates a district, but may become an actual nuisance by disseminating the seeds of dandelions and other weeds."

Other chapters discuss allocation of sites and the difficult problems connected with the limitation of the number of houses to the acre; and there are some useful notes on public health and social considerations, leading up to a summary of conclusions. Mr. Cadbury writes throughout with much sense and moderation, and his book may be very warmly commended to all municipal councillors and officials who look beyond personal interests and have a genuine desire to leave their towns better than they found them.

THE GOSPEL OF EPHEBUS.

'The Ephesian Gospel.' By PERCY GARDNER. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)

"In the early history of Christianity, save only Jerusalem, no city has been more influential than Ephesus; not even Tarsus, or Antioch, or Rome." Professor Gardner's illuminating study of the Fourth—or, as he calls it, the Ephesian—Gospel, is an enlargement upon this text. If we assign this Gospel, as recent critics are inclined to do, to the earlier years of the second century, we must conceive the development of Christianity to have been rapid—more rapid than it is easy to picture it. It may have been so; the tendencies of the time were favorable to growth. But the tendency to throw back the dates of the books of the New Testament has been excessive of late years; it is probable that a reaction will set in.

The centre of this growth was not ecclesiastical institutions—these were, and are, secondary—but Christology. That this is so is the Achilles' heel of such theories as that of the "Commonitorium" of Vincent of Lerius, or Nicole's "Perpétuité de la Foi." For it is clear to every candid reader of the New Testament that the Christology of St. Paul is not that of the Synoptics, and that the Joannine differs from both; while all three fall short of the Nicene doctrine: this is of another climate and a later age. "The doctrine of the Exalted Christ rose early out of the Christian consciousness." It did. But what of the legitimacy of such an origin? The Churches are slow to concede it; and, in any case, if we are not to be landed in sheer arbitrariness, it must be guarded by qualifications and reserves of more than one order. Unless, however, we play fast and loose with our sources, we must admit that neither the later formula nor the later belief is there.

To what extent a historical element can be traced in

the Fourth Gospel is a problem which the data at our disposal are insufficient to solve. To the reasons given by Professor Gardner for the insertion of detail we are disposed to add the desire for verisimilitude. The writer was an artist, and knew where to apply the vivid touch and the personal note. Once the notion of a free construction is admitted, this is permissible; the greater carries the less. The reference to the exaggeration of the reaction against Tübingen is judicious. "It is almost always a mistake to confine oneself to one explanation of a complicated history," it is said truly; but "if we must take one clue as dominant, it can only be that set forth by Baur." With regard to Schweitzer (p. 171), the word "exaggeration" may perhaps pass, though "onesidedness" would have been preferable. But we must demur to "pedantry," which is neither very applicable nor very urbane.

A paradoxical modern theory makes St. Paul a pioneer of institutionalism. This is to emphasize the non-essential. He was intolerant of personal opposition: We cannot read the Epistles, says Jowett—perhaps *subridens*—"without feeling how different the Apostle must have been from good men among ourselves." The most temperamental of men, he saw life refracted in his own abnormal consciousness. Hence, while those whose experience resembled his own find themselves in his writings, to the average Christian they have been from the first an embarrassment: "Wherein are things hard to be understood, which the ignorant and unstable wrest to their own destruction." A genuine Petrine touch, though not Peter's. Our sympathies go out to the great-hearted Apostle of the Gentiles rather than to the particularist James or the timorous Cephas—to whom, surely, the climate of Lambeth would have been congenial; and of whom it is pleasant to think as the spiritual ancestor not of the Popes of Rome but of the Archbishops of Canterbury. His fiery colleague objectified his own psychic and nervous states with their distinctive stimuli and reactions; and so created the phantasmagoria that underlies historical theology, Protestant and Catholic—the Fall, Original Sin, the Atonement, Predestination, the Church, the Sacramental system of the Middle Ages; the framework both of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and of the "Imitation of Christ." Of these conceptions there is not a trace in the Gospels, which present us not with the cosmic drama of a mystery religion but with the ethicism of the Parables and of the Sermon on the Mount. It was these vast horizons of Paulinism which terrified its opponents: they were taken out of harbor, they felt, and launched on the great expanse of ocean out of sight of land. And the Fourth Gospel was a *via media*—an attempt to bring the sweep and swing of Paulinism into relation with the life of the Founder whom Paul had not known, and did not regret not having known, in the flesh:—

"By far the most probable and reasonable view is that the Fourth Evangelist, a man of philosophic mind and profound genius, had been as a young man converted by the preaching of St. Paul, whose teaching he never did more than modify, never gave up. Afterwards, coming under the strong influence of St. John or one of his immediate followers, he heard many details of the life of Jesus, listening with care, still full of the Pauline teaching, and a heart full of the spiritual presence of the Christ of the Church. The simple narrative of the eyewitness took in his mind a new and exalted character. He was convinced that the Apostles, even the most favored of them, did not fully comprehend the life which was unrolled before them, and accepted the teaching only as it lay on the surface, not understanding the depths that lay beneath. Often between the words of his teachers he would see an opening into great spiritual vistas. At the same time he clearly had a deep love and profound admiration for the son of Zebedee: he realized that the relation in which he had stood to his Master had consecrated him for ever. Only his eyes had been dazzled by seeing: those who had not seen, like St. Paul and himself, were in a sense more blessed; because to the vision of faith only, and not to the eyes of the body, could the true majesty of Jesus Christ become clear."

It cannot be denied that the perspective of popular religion is profoundly modified by a view which, while accepting the belief and institutions of the Christian religion, conceives them as "rising out of the Christian consciousness." The psychologist may ask whether, if we

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think the matter out, they could have had any higher, or indeed any other origin. But the slope on which the theory lands us is slippery. If the Exalted Christ and the Sacraments of the Gospel are valid products of the Christian consciousness, why not the medieval hierarchy, or transubstantiation, or the infallibility of the Pope? We must "try the spirits"; a criterion must be provided by which the genuine can be distinguished from the spurious. If in individuals the Inner Light is controlled by the action and reaction of the community, the products of the Christian consciousness may be checked by reference to a larger standard—the best mind and conscience of the age and of mankind.

WAR BY BLACKBOARD.

"The Two Maps of Europe, and Some Other Aspects of the Great War." By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Pearson. 1s. net.)

THIS little book is a model of the method with which Mr. Belloc has made us all familiar. It is the method of treating war and armies as Euclid treats space and lines. The whole is greater than a part; two straight lines cannot enclose a space; the circumference of a semi-circle is longer than its diameter: such are the simple principles on which Euclid and Mr. Belloc build, and they arrive with equal assurance at their results. In both we find the same detachment, the same apparent absence of personal interest. Euclid does not favor one line more than another; he does not take sides with the squares containing the right angle against the square on the hypotenuse; he dwells outside the region of sympathy or partisanship. So, in these war essays of his, does Mr. Belloc. Granted such and such positions, lines, or forces (for he admits dynamics), such and such results are obvious or will follow; and he illustrates the necessity by diagrams as simple and "compelling" as the Asses' Bridge. That the lines and forces consist of struggling, suffering, and dying human beings does not, for the moment, concern him in the least. The science of war is abstract, and Euclid feels no pity for the circumference because it loses time by going a longer way round than the chord or the diameter.

The method is consoling. We are shown war in a dry light, free from the distractions and perturbations forced upon us by the appalling descriptions of correspondents or soldiers at the front. And it is essential to form clear ideas upon the general principles of modern warfare, uninfluenced by pity, fear, or hope. These principles Mr. Belloc expounds in the essays upon the meaning of "Numbers," of "Supply," and the various military lessons which are already established by the present war: such lessons as the enormous expense of modern war; the uselessness of "impregnable" fortifications against modern howitzers; the possibility of close formation in attack, though hitherto, in spite of devoted self-sacrifice, the German close formation has seldom reached its object; the immense effect of modern artillery on the field; and the value of naval superiority. These lessons are enforced with Mr. Belloc's characteristic confidence, and in nearly all cases we are compelled to agree with his conclusions, just as the most sceptical mind is compelled to agree that in a perfect and abstract triangle the three angles are infallibly equal to two right angles.

Abstract and impersonal, however, as our instructor's method is, he does at times admit a consideration, if not of human nature, at all events of psychology. Speaking of the lessons of the war in regard to aircraft, for instance, he says:—

"(c) That body of aircraft which is used to a rougher climate, and to working in heavier winds, will have an immense advantage, not only in bad weather but in all weather. It is this, coupled with a very fine and already established tradition of adventure, which has made the English airmen easily the superior of their Allies and enemies."

Again, in the chapter upon "What to believe in War News," Mr. Belloc has been pointing out that the German official reports are always accurate, unless there is some very definite object (usually of internal politics) to be gained by falsehood. They rarely wander into conjecture, he says,

and when they do they are idiotic, for exactly the same reason as made German diplomats wholly misunderstand the mind of Europe immediately before the war. Then he adds:—

"A German induction upon something other than material elements is worthless, and you see it nowhere more than in the careful but often useless though monumental work of German historians, who will accumulate a mass of facts greater in number than those of the scholars of any other nation, and then will draw a conclusion quite shamefully absurd; conclusions which, during the last forty years, have usually been followed by the dons of our own universities."

Such passages would be refreshing in the midst of any geometrical treatise, and they occur here from time to time. The discussion on "The Two Maps of Europe" (i.e., the map as a victorious Germany would arrange it, and the map arranged by the victorious Allies) is on a different plane from the rest of the book. On the whole, we agree with the conclusions, but we think the very difficult question of Constantinople is not touched, and when the author says that "the Finnish provinces of Russia are, in their articulate spirit, their governing class, their religion, and almost in their entire social life Swedish in tone," we can only reply that the Swedish party in Finland is now small, and that even they would regain their old autonomy under Russia rather than return to Swedish possession.

THE PROBLEM NOVEL.

"The Kennedy People." By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Eternal Whisper." By CHARLES INGE. (Nash. 6s.)

"Sylvia's Marriage." By UPTON SINCLAIR. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

ONE is inclined to think that the world-old feud between art and morality had been fired not by the great but by the indifferent books. A great book necessarily implies a synthesis—its morality is adjusted to its art and its art contains its morality. But an indifferent book, assuming it is represented by either of these powers, usually admits the one in excess of the other. And its readers are forced to the artificial conclusion as to whether they prefer a self-contained art to a self-contained morality, or *vice versa*. It is a valuation not dissimilar to that which, taking the measure of a man, declares that it prefers his arms to his legs. At any rate, fiction as it is to-day, compels us to these compromises. With the majority of novels, indeed, we ignore the artistic equation. We assume that it does not exist. And so, to compensate ourselves, we look at a novel with the spectacles of morality. We simply inquire of the novel under examination whether or no it expresses a fairly decent and acceptable philosophy of life. And that we should not look for anything more than a reputable manual of conduct is not our fault but the novel's. There is nothing else left.

Mr. Pett Ridge's latest study, for instance, has very little interest as a psychological speculation, as a piece of architectural design, or as a specimen of style. It is concerned with the Kennedy family unto the third generation—Mr. Kennedy, the father, whose commercial prosperity is only shaken by death; Robert Kennedy, the son, whose incapacity lets the business slip out of his hands; and George Kennedy, the grandson, who bids fair to resuscitate the family fortunes and to erase the stigma of poverty. The significance of the book does not lie in the least in the portraiture of the Kennedys, but in what Mr. Pett Ridge thinks are the qualities indispensable to worldly prosperity. It is Robert's lack of shrewdness and alertness rather than any frailty which are responsible for his failure. So that even Robert, whose secession from the impeccable dullness of the family's traditions might have aroused our interest, fails us. Our spirits, in fact, do not rise when Mr. Pett Ridge leaves the garrulous ease of the kitchen for the solemnity of the drawing-room. Of all the numerous sketches in the book (it is really a collection of them) the best is that of Cicely, Robert's wife, whose steadfastness is a very different thing from her father-in-law's industrious absorption in his business.

LIPTON LTD.

THE seventeenth annual general meeting of this company was held on the 24th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad-street, E.C., Mr. Robertson Lawson presiding.

The Chairman said it was a matter of much regret that Sir Thomas Lipton was unable to be with them and to occupy the chair, which he had done since the company was formed seventeen years ago.

The position which they had to place before the shareholders, as indicated in the report, must be a disappointing one, and to none was it more so than to Sir Thomas Lipton and the Board of Directors. Mr. Peters and himself had not been long on the Board before they, in co-operation with Mr. Bowker, realised that the position of affairs required to be dealt with very firmly, and, in certain directions, drastically. The new directors, therefore, after an exhaustive preliminary examination, took steps to commence the reorganisation of the internal management, whilst at the same time not interfering with the proper running of the business in any particular. This work had been going on now for over three months, and although much satisfactory progress had already been made, it would naturally take some time before the complete scheme was carried out. It seemed that certain of the stocks carried were too heavy for the business being done, and they therefore applied definite tests with the object of checking those stocks. He was sorry to have to tell them that they discovered serious discrepancies. Further steps were taken, and a complete independent stock-taking as at June 30th last was made. The result of this full stock-taking investigation revealed the fact that the stocks had been seriously overstated in previous accounts, and were deficient to a considerable amount. In addition to the differences in the stocks they were faced with a substantial shortage of capital in consequence of several speculations having been entered into which also resulted in considerable loss. The arrangements were of an extremely unsatisfactory nature and were largely conducted by the late general manager himself without proper sanction from the late Board, or without their full knowledge. The balance of the costs of the unfortunate canteen case had also been advanced by the company, and there were several legal actions against the company for libel and breaches of contract, which had involved them in further serious loss. The result of all this meant that from the point of view of actual working capital—which, of course, included the deficiencies of stocks—they found the position short by nearly £250,000. Those members of the staff directly responsible for the shortages were no longer in the company's service.

On Sir Thomas Lipton's return from Serbia a few weeks ago these facts were placed before him, and although the position thus disclosed was naturally a very great shock to him, he lost no time in expressing his determination to make good those losses himself, large though they were. He desired thus publicly to express the Board's appreciation of what Sir Thomas had undertaken to do under the circumstances.

Mr. Lawson then referred to the important paragraph in the report dealing with the further provision suggested for depreciation of plants, machinery, fixtures, fittings, etc., and the utilisation of the item "Premium on Shares Account," amounting to £220,888 17s. 3d., and stated that although these items had been depreciated from time to time since the company was formed, the amounts so provided for were spasmodic and insufficient. They had therefore written off the sum of £132,341 15s. 11d. against the depreciation of "Plant, Machinery, Fixtures, Fittings, Utensils, Carts, Horses, etc." Apart from the deficiencies in the stocks, certain of the stocks had also depreciated substantially in value, and accordingly they had provided £52,502 0s. 11d. to bring these stocks down to their present market value. They had further written off the lease premium accounts the sum of £14,563 9s. 8d., which he thought should have been met in the particular years in which the expenditure was incurred.

The investments had been brought down to the present market value, and they had accordingly provided the sum of £14,339 7s. for such depreciation. An amount of £7,142 3s. 9d., which had been carried forward chiefly under the heading of advertising contracts in Australia, had also been written off. All these items, added together, showed exactly how they disposed of the £220,888 17s. 3d.

The estates in Ceylon and the properties generally remained at practically the same, and they had received advices from Ceylon that the estates were in excellent condition and well worth the amount at which they stood in the company's books.

That the war had had a bad effect upon the company was obvious from the profit and loss account. The profit on trading at stores, branches, etc., was less by £79,489 than the previous year, and this was due to a variety of reasons, for example: a predilection to sell too cheaply and to cut prices; the buying also had been inefficient. Further, the late general manager's mind was obviously preoccupied with other matters, such as last year's unfortunate litigation, which prevented his devoting the closest attention to the legitimate business of the company.

Concluding, Mr. Lawson said that in regard to the business generally, the turnover had been practically the same as the previous year. The Board came before the shareholders with confidence in asking them to confirm the entire recommendations as indicated in the report and accounts, and amplified by the information which he had given them. With ordinary good management, it was only a question of time before the whole business would respond, and respond satisfactorily, to the re-arrangements which he submitted for confirmation.

Mr. H. L. Peters seconded the adoption of the report, and same was carried.

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There is already a flavor of the archaic about the "problem" novel. Since the revival of the pamphlet—one of the features of modern literature—the specifically doctrinaire form of expression has slackened its hold upon the novel and the theatre. It is more legitimately returning to its old love, and so Mr. Inge's novel has a certain antiquarian curiosity about it. Hetty, following somewhat tardily in our wake, discovers that she can no longer put up with the primness and formalism of her husband, Paul van Borne, who is a mild edition of Anna's husband, Karenin. She leaves him to become a model, and is painted by Colin Maude, whose artistic predilections, in spite of the author's assurances, seem to us to oscillate between Soho and Mayfair. But Mr. Inge works the theory of renunciation for all its worth, and for more than it is worth. The heady affair of Colin and Hetty has but little spiritual implication.

"Sylvia's Marriage" is even more of a pamphlet, and a very severe and courageous one, too. Mr. Sinclair would seem to acknowledge this by his habit of numbering not only his pages but his paragraphs—a method legitimate enough in a pamphlet, but exasperating in a novel. The construction of "Sylvia's Marriage," its atmosphere and characters are all subordinated to one definite end—the exposure of the "conspiracy of silence" concerning sexual disease. Sylvia's child, through Douglas van Tuiver, her American millionaire husband's concealment of the condition of his health, goes blind within two or three days of birth. Sylvia's discovery of the cause of her child's affliction induces her to leave her husband and to conduct a campaign against the sham and interested innocence on which young girls are preserved up to and even beyond their marriages. Sylvia's encounters with her relatives are related with spirit and passion. It would, indeed, be difficult to deny or extenuate the appalling truth of Mr. Sinclair's indictment. But the psychological structure of the book is superfluous. Sylvia is not a person but the voice of a cause. The great novelist can combine the two; the inspired zealot and reformer, on the other hand, can present his case far more efficiently without introducing at all the distracting element of the novel-form.

The Week in the City.

THERE has been a little more cheerfulness in the City this week, and the tone on the Stock Exchange has been decidedly better the last two or three days, owing to a recovery in the American market, which had fallen sharply on the news of the "Arabic." It seems to be thought now at Washington that the German Government may agree to conduct its submarine warfare henceforth in a less barbarous fashion. On the other hand, the New York Exchange relapsed on Wednesday to 4.65, so that the present moment is a favorable one for the selling of American securities, as the weakness in the exchange gives a substantial bonus. Thus the holder of American securities is in a position to combine interest with patriotism, for he can now get higher rates of interest in this country, and in selling out he is assisting the exchanges by adding to our exports. It would appear that the hopes of a large American loan are not going to be realized; at least, that is the interpretation one puts on the report that banking and Stock Exchange men are going to be sent by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on a mission to the United States. As a matter of fact, the people of the United States have already in the last twelvemonths lent a good deal more out of their own country than usual; and

they will probably have to lend a considerable sum to the Southern cotton planters, in order to enable them to hold a portion of this year's stock.

SHIPPING PROSPECTS.

According to an article in the "Times," shipowners are willing to pay very high prices for second-hand steamers just now, partly for the sake of the very high freights now current, partly because so much tonnage has been destroyed. Of course, these purchases are really a gamble, for their success will depend largely on the duration of the war. It is stated in the article referred to that 339 vessels of over 946,000 gross tons have been destroyed by acts of war, two-thirds of the tonnage representing British vessels. The Germans have lost 32 steamers of 104,000 tons, the French 11 of 38,000, and the Russians 17 of 26,000. Of neutrals the Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, and Dutch have suffered most. The question really is, first, when the war ends, and, secondly, whether, after the peace, when things settle down, the loss of tonnage will be more or less than the falling-off in the world's commerce. Owners of shipping shares, some of whom could realize them now at very good prices, must decide this problem for themselves.

THE LIPTON DISCLOSURES

Shareholders of Lipton's easily gathered that all was not well with their business from the annual report, but they were hardly prepared for what they were to be told at the meeting. Mr. Robertson, however, certainly made the best of a bad business, and did his best to show how the company stood at the moment. He stated that "from the point of view of actual working capital—including deficiencies of stocks—they found the position short by nearly £250,000," and that Sir Thomas Lipton had undertaken to make good these losses himself. Quite apart, however, from these special losses, the depreciation had been insufficiently provided for in past years, and had been met by utilising the share premium account and the whole of the profits of the year. What is left uncertain, however, is the amount by which profits have actually been overstated in the past. It may be assumed that the results of last year suffered through the war and the canteen case, and that the company owns a business possessing a real earning power in excess of the figures in the last report. But if the 6 per cent. dividend of the last few years has not really been earned, are the ordinary shares worth as much as 14s.? Such a figure seems rather high in the circumstances, but it must not be forgotten that the entirely new management which is now in control have set to work in a way which promises real efficiency, and they may—it is to be hoped they will—restore the prosperity of a business which made a fortune for Sir Thomas when he owned it, and was a flourishing concern when he sold it to the company.

INVESTING IN TREASURY BILLS.

While the War Loan returns the investor a trifle over 4½ per cent. at its present price, there is no guarantee against further depreciation, except the undertaking that it will be accepted at par should another loan at a higher rate of interest be necessary. Those who desire absolute safety of their capital may, perhaps, be attracted by Treasury Bills, which are sold by the Bank of England at a rate of discount of 4½ per cent. for terms of three, six, nine, or twelve months as desired. A rate of discount of 4½ per cent. per annum is equivalent to a rate of interest on the money invested of 4¾ per cent.; and Treasury Bills possess the advantage that the interest is secured without deduction of tax. They are not sold, however, for less amounts than multiples of £1,000, and private persons must buy them through a bank.

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